VOLUME 33 / NUMBER 2 FEBRUARY

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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"URIZEN IN CHAINS" BY WILLIAM BLAKE

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This monthly publication is subsidized by the Ruth Allison Lilly Fund

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EDITORIAL

No Pain, No Gain

IT IS STRANGE that human strength is so often the product of human lacks and weaknesses . . . that to go to the extremes necessary to become somebody you need to have been a real nobody, that to be a real sophisticate you have to have been born not in London, Paris, Peking, or New York but in a place like, say, Neptune, New Jersey. Our drawbacks, shortcomings, and discomforts seem to inspire the species to the most astounding feats of compensatory accomplishment and transformation.

The same law of human dynamics works when we are fortunate enough to be defeated by ourselves and we decide in ruefully belated wisdom to find a path to follow other than that of ego and self-will. Such decisions are arrived at only in great pain. The source of our addictions and all other flights from reality, pain is of the utmost importance to the species. It provides us with opportunities for growth which otherwise would not be brought about.

The presence of human pain can be sensed behind the words of many of the authors in this issue. There is the pain, for example, of Adam and Eve at the moment of their fall. Think of the human pain in that. There is the pain of the personal unhappiness of the great poet, artist, and mystic William Blake that must have been the fermenting element of his joyous paeans to liberation of all kinds, the political, the sexual, the spiritual, the religious. You cannot read his "The Voice of the Devil" without recognizing the pain he suffered from his own exceedingly human nature. . . . When you read about the second-century Indian sage, Patanjali, you will see that the anguish of being human two millenia ago was no different than that of today. What else could be the reason for his aphorisms, one of the foundations of the yoga that continues to bring us relief and discovery? Similar pain exists behind the search of the writer who not disparagingly calls himself "an insight junkie," going from conference to conference in search of help. You can detect it in the words of another man whom we now call St John of the Cross. It is the subject-matter of both the philosopher Henri Nouwen and the born-again rock n' roll musician Bob Dylan. . . . All of us, in other words, are like "Urizen in Chains," the engraving by Blake which appears on the cover — hands and feet manacled, head thrust upwards in a recognizable gesture of the desperate hope of the end of pain.

We do not want pain, any of us. We can avoid it, however, only at the peril of escaping life altogether. One of the most unpleasant features of the escapist existence is the fear of death that accompanies it obsessively. Finally, though, if we are able to surrender to our pain and accept our powerlessness over it, we begin to perceive its value to us as the source, the very beginning, of much that is most precious, most beautiful, and marvelous. We discover that God gives us not what we want but what we need. — P.G.

Adam and Eve and Alcohol

by TOM BAKER

THE CREATION OF EVE by William Blake

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts

ALCOHOLICS are God-players. They engage in what could be called the only real sin: they forget the distinction between creature and Creator. Alcoholics — and other addicts — are not alone in doing this, but they are perhaps the most obvious. As presented in the Old Testament mythology of Genesis, the core sin of Adam and Eve was simply that they tried to take more than was given. They were portrayed as being "pre-moral," which is to say, without any sense of "right" or "wrong." They were not, however, without knowledge of their creaturehood and are pictured as willfully trying to go beyond the limits of that creaturehood, to obliterate the distinction between the finite and the infinite, to gain control over the process and flow of reality. In a similar manner, the drinking alcoholic is best not considered a "bad" or "evil" person, but is certainly one who has lost the distinction between "being" and the "Source of Being," and, in seeking to arrogate control over the process of reality, plays God.

The drinking alcoholic — who to everyone around him is hopelessly out of control and out of touch with reality — seeks to run his own life, to deny his dependence upon others and the Other, and to live from within the confines of his own ego. Since this solipsistic approach inevitably leads to despair too painful to bear, two paths become evident. He may either dive more deeply into "spirits" in a vain attempt to contact the Spirit, or he may set upon the road to recovery. He may thus recover the distinction referred to in Scripture: "It is He that has made us and not we ourselves."

Alcoholics Anonymous is one such path to recovery which seeks to aid the alcoholic on his journey back to sobriety, or what could be called "comfortable creaturehood." AA is a program which seeks to confront the alcoholic with the reality of his powerlessness over his own life and with the reality of his utter dependence upon a power greater than himself. It is suggested that, however grave the condition of the drinking alcoholic, he has always been aware of a dreadful void in his existence — a void which he has attempted to fill with beverage alcohol or other mood-changing drugs. AA points to the reality of this void, but suggests another, life-giving alternative. It provides a program whereby he may gradually learn to stop asking for more than has been given, a program in which he may learn to accept and delight in the limits of finite existence. In AA this is called "turning it over." It is a process of moving away from God-playing pretense toward creature-acceptance actuality.

Alcoholics are really no different in their "sinning" from anyone else. They just tend to go about things in a more public, more noticeable fashion. They do, perhaps, suffer more acutely from their chemically-facilitated drive to play God. To the degree to which all persons are afflicted with the hubristic drive toward Godhood, all might benefit from studying "the fall" and return to grace in the lives of recovering alcoholics involved in AA. There is no Scriptural evidence that Adam and Eve were alcoholics (Noah seems to have been the first to fit the category). But if they were, and if there had been an AA-type program for compulsive apple-eaters, they might be in the Garden yet.

William Blake: Paragon or Pariah?

by JOHN S. D. GLAUS

WHAT QUESTION must be asked to arrive at the most virtuous characteristic of human nature? Is it faith? Perhaps. Is it compassion? Possibly. Is it the pursuit of spiritual perfection? *Deo volente.* Or does the answer reside in the visions of the imagination? Most assuredly the latter if one delves into the life and work of William Blake.

One of the most extraordinary successes in the history of visionary art and prophetic poetry was achieved by a man who yielded the allegiance of his spirit to the sole authority which commanded his respect: his imagination. Blake triumphed by having relinquished any pretense of control and lived by the dictates of his instincts. The success of Blake's work was not of the explosive kind which is frequent in youthful genius. It was not deliberate, either. It was the efflorescence of accumulated energy and the supreme expression of an entire life. The example of his life is not to be followed unless one is constituted of the same empyrean fabric as that which bound Blake to his visions. Self-indulgence is common, Blakes are not.

Since self-indulgence is common and empyrean fabric cannot be bought over the counter, what then has propelled Blake to the forefront of such art and such poetry? There are three ascendant traits apparent in Blake: a belief in the infinite resources of the imagination; a point of view combined with a monumental capacity for its statement; and triumphant freedom from conventional restraints.

William Blake, born on November 28, 1757, of whose family antecedents little is known, has a history which falls into two stages: mature youth and youthful maturity. The first stage is essential and preparatory, for had Blake died young nothing would have been known of him, no knowledge of his existence would have been established. What is known of his parents bears little significance in his life. However, to dispatch his parents forthwith would be consequential for no man has ever lived without bearing the con-

BLAKE'S "VISIONARY SELF-PORTRAIT"

genital imprint. Blake's father, James, was a hosier of substantial means whose religious *penchant*, although Nonconformist, had William baptized in the Church of England.

Of William's earliest years, little else is known, except that he was prone to that *difference* of character which provokes the inward search. As a child, it is said, he would walk the streets of London aimlessly or strike out on long solitary perambulations during which the faculty of *vision* probably manifested itself. On one occasion, after having told his father that he had witnessed a tree full of angels, he was spared the rod by the providential intervention of his mother. Then there was the time when William, peering from his bed, saw God's face pressed against the window. Apocryphal? Not at all. These incipient revelations become the common denominator of Blake's existence, the thread which unravels throughout his entire life, gaining in strength and vivacity.

Father and son were destined to be antagonists. Discussions concerning William's future were more than likely monologues falling on deaf ears and visionary silences. Although the desire for his will to find a natural outlet in a son is still, to our day, common among fathers, the paternal profession appeared not only uninviting, but totally hostile to young William. James Blake, possibly tyrannical in his will, probably oppressive in his desire, was blessed with that small portion of commonsense which allowed his son to follow those paths of which he himself had so little knowledge.

Blake's youthful visions were clothed with definite forms. What remained for him was to find and develop the medium of expression.

The first and foremost means was verbal. Despite Blake's middle-class respectability, he was able to divest himself of this trapping with innate facility and to communicate his experiences with innocence and a lack of inhibition. This was to provide consternation to those who listened to him. One day a traveler was telling bright wonders of some foreign city. "Do you call that splendid?" broke in young Blake, "I should call a city splendid in which the houses were of gold, the pavement of silver, the gates ornamented with precious stones." At which outburst, hearers were already disposed to shake their heads and pronounce the speaker crazed . . . .

Blake's first serious endeavor was to occur during his apprenticeship to James Basire, the engraver. He remained the faithful and industrious pupil for seven years, during which period he developed his predilection for Gothic art. From the beginning, Blake was untrammelled by the pursuit of recognition. Wealth, fame and predominance in artistic fields were not the results he anticipated. For even if he had wanted to become a famous contemporary, the definiteness of his style and position, although remarkable, was anachronistic. To have indulged one's inclinations toward the Gothic as opposed to the luscious sensuousness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was to condemn oneself to oblivion. Blake did so without so much as a sigh. It was not that the Gothic supported his self-confidence — he had sufficient amounts of that from his earliest youth. The art he identified with brought him into touch with the severity, the grandeur, and the amenity of an older civilization.

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion
14
Let there Be Light
Let there be A Firmament
Let the Waters be gathered into one place
Let the Dry Land appear
Let the Waters bring forth abundantly
Let the Earth bring
Cattle & Creeping thing
& Beast
When the morning Stars sang together, & all the Sons of God shouted for joy
W Blake Inventor & Sc

Philadelphia Museum of Art: Given by Staunton B. Peck

ILLUSTRATION OF THE BOOK OF JOB

O Human Imagination, O Divine Body I have Crucified,
I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law.
— JERUSALEM 24:23-24

Blake seems to have been created *en bloc*. His manner never changed, never varied. The vagaries which ensue from self-revelation did not occur to him. His path had been determined, and he never strayed from the path. The path had not been chosen by him, but for him by the divine power which inspired his life. Another less pertinacious spirit would have buckled under the burden of abject poverty and attempted to follow the course of glory. If he had no other visible means of support except occasional minor commissions, he was, except for the responsibility for his wife, immune from the quotidian obligations that chain the lives of the free. Throughout his entire life, Blake enjoyed an excellent and unimpaired health which, coupled with his sense of the physical, gave him an appreciation of the world around him. And, most importantly, he possessed a genius which was readily available.

Having completed his apprenticeship with Basire, Blake entered the Royal Academy of Art. The vociferous young man unsettled the tranquility of this solid institution by proclaiming his distaste and rage at the *chiaroscuro* of Rembrandt and the *coloratura* of Rubens. In no sympathetic terms he told Moser, the First Keeper of the Academy, "These things that you call finished are not even begun; how can they then be finished? The Man who does not know the Beginning can never know the End of Art." Blake was least of all a docile pupil. Yet his stay at the Academy was to act as the catalyst from which developed that singularity of expression which combined his art and his feelings. But he also felt that art as a social ornament — an affectation of the Academy — was irreconcilable with his visionary insights. The authorities of the Academy must have been relieved when Blake crossed the threshold for the final time.

When Blake was at the height of his exuberant youth — just twenty-three — an event occurred which marked his history significantly. A conflagration of anti-popery riots swept through London, dragging Blake as an involuntary participant to Newgate Prison, where he witnessed the release of the inmates. Blake was impressed. From this episode stems the theme of imprisonment and liberation — a theme of no little importance — recurrent throughout his life and works.

Briefly subsequent to this event arrived the moment of Blake's matrimonial intentions. As Cupid moves in mysterious ways, and the Daphnes and Chloes of this world — though they may appear the most attractive of his victims — are not always the most suited, so it was for William and Catherine Sophia. One day, as William was recounting his woes concerning a recent rejection, a pretty girl, Catherine Sophia Boucher, lavished sympathy on him, much to his amazement. He was flattered. He was charmed. He was overwhelmed that another showed pity. Impulsively he ejaculated his feelings of gratitude and promised to marry her. One year later, the deed was done. The marriage became a romantic aberration kept alive by a mixture of kindness and condescension — in so fatally medicinal a dose that Blake endured it stoically for the next forty-five years. The match was short, ever so short of idyllic. Blake the "mental prince" and "divine visionary" was betrothed to one whose least apparent quality was intelligence. But Catherine Sophia was a good wife, a very good wife, and that which she lacked in

ratiocination she displayed in affection. Blake learned to be content, but thoughts of love — love of the most liberated kind — gestated.

During the later half of 18th-century England — before the reckless insularity and provincial thought of the Victorians — cosmopolitan suavity reigned supreme. In those days the individual conscience thought and acted with extraordinary facility. A natural and propitious age for Blake to expound on the subject of love. A subject of this nature could be — during those enlightened years — spoken of with knowledge and amenity, disposing of both wild temerities and dreadful mortifications. Blake broached the subject fearlessly, eulogized it, because he had sufficient faith in his convictions that love was part of the divine union with God. He was determined to search for the meaning of love and place it at the highest pinnacle, at the zenith of the divine system. Love, he was convinced, was part of *the path*, the very same path that had been chosen for him, the one on which he never hesitated.

Blake felt so severely on this subject that we must prick up our ears to what he has to say. Love, says Blake, agitates the profoundest instincts of man. It is rooted in eternity and the channelling of its course is the solution to more than mere misconceptions, an answer to more than the ethical problem. No spurious allegations can be attached to his intentions to alleviate this mighty question. He was ethereal, visionary, magnanimous, but vehemently opposed to reason supplanting imagination, to circumstance dictating to instinct. He succeeded by the power of his media — art and poetry — in relieving the world's weightiest enigma by defining its place in the "eternal harmony of the universe." Blake recognized that love was dichotomous, split between the spiritual and the physical. He celebrated the decency, the holiness, the sanctity of the physical act of love. The act of love, he claimed, was clean; while the spiritual results were far greater than one imagined:

"If the mind can perceive any one truth more certainly and more than another, it is the duty of procreation, which God of Universal Nature has imposed forever upon all beings, and to which he has attached the *supreme charity,* joy, delight, longing and *divinest love.*"

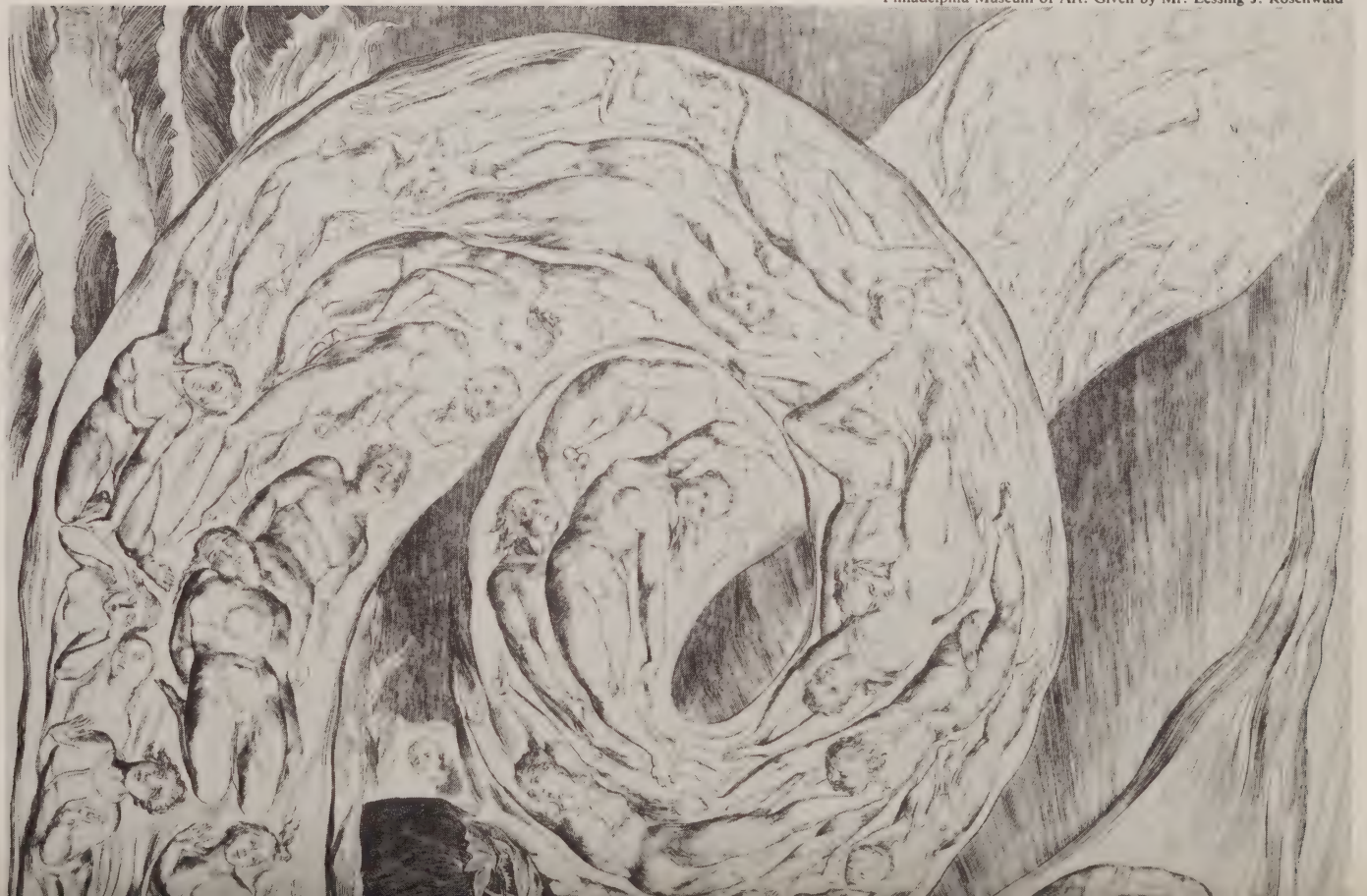
Blake laments, however, the misconceptions and indulges us, most emphatically, on this tremendous topic —

(Continued on pg. 12)

OVERLEAF: ILLUSTRATION OF DANTE'S *DIVINE COMEDY*

"The cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at the tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.
This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment."

Philadelphia Museum of Art: Given by Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald



— That what men expect of women and women of men is the ability and willingness to give complete conjugal satisfaction:

"What is it men in women do require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.

What is it women in men do require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire."

— That Desire is satisfied better by love than by marriage:

"He who bends to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy,
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise."

— That matrimony could and should afford the joy that love affords, though so often it does not:

"When a man has married a wife he finds out whether
Her knees and elbows are only glued together."

— And in the same vein, one of Blake's most brilliant lyrics:

"Ah, Sunflower! weary of time
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done.

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go."

One must understand such poetry as the epitome of spiritual liberation — transcendent verse dictated not by human ideas but by far greater ones — to which Blake had no trouble gaining access. Blake never intended to teach but designed to state through the intermediary of his art, the substance of his feelings which he knew to be those of Eternity. According to Blake, the subject of love can be resolved, if resolved it can be, to this: everyone is entitled to the most ideal union which he or she can find; indeed any restriction whatsoever is very dangerous, and that eventually such unions will be possible. What prevents their possibility is the jealousy of the lover, the hypocrisy of the beloved, and the persecution of society. These and not the impulse for love are the true crimes, the real causes of suffering.

Blake was well-informed on the human condition, its paradoxes, its susceptibilities, its mettle. Jealousy — "the green-eyed monster" like hypocrisy could not be exorcised from man's nature. It could be subdued, assailed by good intentions, but not removed. Jealousy and hypocrisy must be accepted as part of the whole, but, these two elements are not the essential, only part of the message.

The Voice of the Devil

from Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell"

All Bibles or sacred codes have been the causes of the following Errors:

1. That Man has two real existing principles, Viz: a Body & a Soul.
2. That Energy, called Evil, is alone from the Body; & that Reason calld Good, is alone from the Soul.
3. That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies.

But the following Contraries to these are:

1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul, for that calld Body is a portion of Soul discerned by the five Senses, the chief inlets of the Soul in this age.
2. Energy is the only life and is from the Body and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.
3. Energy is Eternal Delight.
4. That those who restrain Desire do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling.

And being restrained it by degrees become passive till it is only the shadow of Desire.

The Proverbs of Hell

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of religion.
The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.
Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.
The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.
The fox condemns the trap, not himself.
Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.
Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of the sheep.
The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.
The selfish smiling fool & the sullen frowning fool shall be both thought wise, that they may be a rod.
What is now proved was once only imagin'd.

Blake's words on the prominence of love belong to the eternal world and bear little import for the future of society. Blake stresses the utility of love because it is of paramount importance as a means and not an end. By love and through love man's senses are activated, his imagination is stirred; most importantly it is a *way into eternity*, the only door open to the man who has no creative power in poetry, painting, or music:

"Five windows light the cavern'd Man: thro one he breathes the air;
Thro one he hears the music of the spheres; thro one the eternal vine
Flourishes, that he may receive the grapes; thro one can look
And see small portions of the eternal world that ever groweth;
Thro one himself pass out what time he please, but he will not;
For stolen joys are sweet, & bread eaten in secret pleasant."

— EUROPE: A PROPHECY

The meaning is simple. Blake's eternity was the world of poetic imagination. It is there that everything appears "infinite and holy." If there are few parallels to Blake among the occidentals, he is very much in accord with the orientals who make little distinction between sacred and profane love. His theories — which to him were absolute realities — strip away the thin veneer of respectability and arrive at the visceral level, where we feel the true expression of our feelings. Let us say that his theories were the product of a paragon of great purity or a pariah of great corruption. Only one or the other could have inspired such liberation.

Fame of the posthumous kind has blessed Blake. His ardent pursuits have been acknowledged by minds and natures similar to his: illuminated ones. His unique poetic and artistic talents bare the whole peregrination, from start to finish. The pursuit of man's existence was his intention. To have confessed this has been the desire of many. To have achieved it so gloriously was indeed within the power of few. Blake possessed clarity of mystical vision and still rarer candor of expression to the highest level: the divine one. Without these qualities, it is in vain for man to seek to unburden his heart. Blake knew that it was his duty to study man and raise him to the pedestal which God had intended for him. Blake unravels the Gordian knot of Man's infinite potentialities by stressing self-consciousness and self-exploration as the means of achieving this dramatic, all-important end:

"Thy own eternal lineaments explore," is the prescription recommended to find out "what is annihilable and what is not."

If Blake was iconoclastic, it was exactly that which was the essential condition of his consummate art. By breaking away from the accepted truths we are able to see more clearly the hidden self. We must expose the "terrible Surfaces," and deal with them by turning away from selfhood to non-selfhood;

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund, 1906.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

The Man who asserts that there is no Such Thing as Softness in Art & that everything in Art is Definite & Determinate has not been told this by Practise, but by Inspiration & Vision, because Vision is Determinate & Perfect, & he Copies That without Fatigue, Everything being Definite & determinate. Softness is Produced alone by Comparative Strength & Weakness in the Marking out of the Forms. I say These Principles could never be found out by the Study of Nature without Con — or Innate — Science.

— MARGINALIA

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund, 1914.

THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH VIRGINS

"Till she who burns with youth and knows no fixed lot is bound
In spells of law to one she loaths: and must she drag the chain
Of life, in weary lust? must chilling murderous thoughts obscure
The clear heaven of her eternal spring? to bear the wintry rage
Of a harsh terror driv'n to madness! bound to hold a rod
Over her shrinking shoulders all the day! & all the night
To turn the wheel of false desire! and longings that wake her womb
To the abhorred birth of cherubs in the human form,

That live a pestilence & die a meteor & are no more!
Till the child dwell with one he hates, and do the deed he loaths,
And the impure scourge force his seed into its unripe birth,
E'er yet his eyelids can behold the arrows of the day!"

— VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION

and turn to God who is to be loved in the service of humanity. We must avoid the great temptation of separating man from God.

Blake believed that creative inspiration was necessary in understanding man's weaknesses and in seeking God's strength. The role of artistic endeavors is to be the force which maintains, supports, and conditions these noble aspirations and keeps them from vagueness. If man prevails by the creative impulse, in its widest connotation, the shell of custom and fear will be stripped away and man's imprisonment by anxiety, extinguished. The man who aspires, envisages, desires freedom must necessarily understand himself. Having experienced himself, he will attain a path of happiness which is the reason for existence.

On August 12, 1827, William Blake burst into death with the same natural exuberance as that which he showed during his life. Not surprising, for eternity had hidden no secrets from him. With incredible persistence Blake carried through the task which had been dictated to him: to prove the undeniable goodness and holiness of man. His life contained no half-measures, only the *pure* essentials. It was a life of vivid convolutions and imagination, a distillation of instincts, and condemnation of those who resist understanding:

"If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite."

"For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro narrow chinks of his cavern."

A Vision of the Last Judgment

Men are admitted into Heaven not because they have curbed & govern'd their Passions or have No Passions, but because they have Cultivated their Understandings. The Treasures of Heaven are not Negations of Passion, but Realities of Intellect, from which all the Passions Emanate Uncurbed in their Eternal Glory. The Fool shall not enter into Heaven let him be ever so Holy. Holiness is not The Price of Entrance into Heaven. Those who are cast out are All Those who, having no Passions of their own because No Intellect, Have spent their lives in Curbing & Governing other People's by the Various arts of Poverty & Cruelty of all kinds. Wo, Wo, Wo to you Hypocrites. Even Murder, the Courts of Justice, more merciful than the Church, are compell'd to allow is not done in Passion, but in Cool Blooded design & Intention.

Both the poet and the monk,
with no absolute guarantee of illumination,
patiently await insight and revelation . . . .

Prayer and Poetry

by THOMAS F. LOMBARDI

THE CONTENTION that poetry is a substantial activity in a great civilization, a barometer of a nation's intellectual climate, an activity that offers one a meaningful religious experience which resembles or corresponds to a spiritual encounter or a moment of transcendental uplift, is an Emersonian concept that persists among devotees of poetry. Religious persuasion — or lack of it — is no impediment to the realization of a poetic experience. For instance, to the atheist poetry at its highest fills an intellectual and an emotional hankering that man naturally possesses for imaginative ideality and intellectual abstraction and offers consolations he may formerly have abstracted from religion. To the theist, in contrast, poetry is able to complement and even extoll religion. Light as symbol of spiritual life and divine bliss, one recalls, was conceived largely by the poet Dante. Surely, the Bible, whose figurative language is inescapably interrelated with its message, is a monumental poetic expression: a revealed poem of sorts. Repeatedly, theists emphasize the poetic nature of religion and Holy Scripture: the Psalms, beautiful song-prayers composed by the prophets, are to some degree instances of high poetry. What is more, many exegetic scholars are of the opinion that several Old Testament books — Job, for example — are didactic poems that are mistakenly interpreted literally. Even the story of Creation in Genesis, some theologians agree, is, in part, symbolic. Of course, one is reminded that Christ commonly employed figurative language when conveying his profoundest truths. Generally speaking, harmony, not discord, characterizes the relationship between religion and poetic language, between biblical truth and modal expression. All the same, one should remember, poetry implies far more than linguistic modality.

The poet wandering through a field of golden daffodils, then recollecting those flowers in tranquility, shares something with the monk first at work in the fields, then later at prayer on his knees, contemplating God. Both activities are deliberate: both activities exemplify a shift from the concrete to the

abstract, from the physical to the spiritual. Both the poet and the monk, with no absolute guarantee of illumination, patiently await insight and revelation. The act of contemplation (considering, musing, studying an object with undivided focus) is in no way haphazard but consciously induced. In that field the poet experiences the reality of the daffodils. In the quiet of his chamber, he recollects those flowers in a mental dynamic that transcends physical reality as he mystically strives to reexperience the daffodils as a disembodied ideal. Accordingly, the poet hopes to rearrange reality by creating a series of images that combine to reorder his disordered existence.

In a similar manner, the monk aspires to an ideal existent beyond physical reality. After tilling the fields the day long, in either the hushed atmosphere of his abbey church or afterwards in the quiet of his cell, he seeks in solitude spiritual realization and union with the disembodied ideal. He also desires the rearrangement of reality — microcosmic (the perfection of his soul in relation to God and his fellow man) or macrocosmic (the conversion of the world to Christ). Both the poet and the monk are guided by the *ideal*, yet the ideal may vary from person to person, from philosophy to philosophy, from civilization to civilization. In short, whether the "ideal" is a recollected representation of reality (the daffodil), an imaginative construct of the mind (a Martian), or a supreme being (God), depends entirely upon one's belief or metaphysic.

But poetry is not born in the ideal, but in reality, in the concrete, in time and space. Only afterwards does the poet entertain a mental representation of his experience, recording the experience on paper in the form of a concatenation of images. Eventually the poem is completed — a recollection of an experience — and a reader who universalizes and abstracts interprets what the poet has written. The original experience dims; the recollected experience is transformed. A case in point: the following poem entitled *Winter Anomaly* grew out of an incident my wife and I experienced in the late afternoon of December 18, 1976, at which time we were ice-skating together across a Pocono Mountain lake in Pennsylvania, enjoying the winter beauty, occasionally conscious of the ominous sounds exploding below the ice's surface.

Together we skate on the polar ice
With Death always belching below.
We glide toward a dark at the end of a life
Past our home that's aglow in the snow.

We skate to the farthest edge of the earth
Where the ice is rolled paper thin —
PLUNGEDOWNWARD! —
    into
        ourselves ourselves
Until we awaken to be drowned anew.

Certainly, the poem's ultimate value transcends the particular, concrete experience of time and space, however delightful or however valuable the ex-

perience may be to a study of my poetry. To the insightful reader, a symbolic reality emerges, with recognizable patterns and penetrating meanings that illuminate the mind and affect the reader's own existence.

In a real sense, prayer — not as a physical activity but as willful communication with God — also begins in reality, in the concrete, in time and space. The monk initially responds to God's creation by interacting with God's creatures and God's people, afterwards in prayer offering either praise or supplication to God. The prayer, *i.e.*, the verbalization of the experience, is a mental abstraction, although the monk, unlike the poet, may feel no urgency to record his activity on paper.

In a manner of speaking, the poet transcends physicality through poetry, the monk through prayer. And mediation, through meditation, is the key to understanding their activities. The poet meditates and the poem mediates between the poet (subject) and the daffodil (object). To some degree, one seeks unity with Creation; the other unity with the Creator. In knowing Creation, the poet may intuitively know the Creator; in knowing the Creator, the monk indirectly knows Creation. Poet and monk — one on his feet, the other on his knees — seek to realize a synthesis of subject and object in which the knower and that which is known are, so to speak, one.

When the poem mediates between the poet and God (as it does, for example, in Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*), poetry becomes in a sense a handmaid to religion, in the way that poetry, as handmaid, serves Confucianism, Romanticism, Marxism, or any other *ism*. Poetry is a magnificent city having many boulevards, and religious verse is one of them. Poetry, as art activity, and prayer, as religious activity, are complementary in that they involve the determination to achieve a kind of order, harmony, and rearrangement of reality. To be sure, the two activities sometimes seem indistinguishable. The poem prayer: "O Light eternal who only in thyself abidest, only thyself dost understand, and to thyself, self-understood self-understanding, turnest love and smiling;" the prayer-poem: "The God of gods, the Lord hath spoken, and he hath called the earth. From the rising of the sun, to the going down thereof; out of Zion the loveliness of his beauty." The poem-prayer is from Dante's *Comedy*; the prayer-poem from Psalm 49. How seemingly normal that one substitute for the other!

Actually, one is tempted to say that poetry *per se* — in other words, the essential concept of poetry — has no content except that which it serves with reference to a definite body of knowledge or a particular strain of reality. Even when poetry is ostensibly the subject of the poem, one suspects that the subject matter is not so much poetry as philosophy. In a word, depending upon the nature of the philosophy, poetry can be restrained completely, restricted partially, or allowed uninhibited freedom to speak the truth. The concept of poetry comes to us without dogma, without framework. In a fashion, the concept of poetry is malleable. It can be given shape that offends (as when the poet is graceless or vulgar) or shape that delights (as when the poet is witty or clever). When one approaches the concept of poetry in a spirit of high seriousness, it can offer one psychological satisfaction and spiritual

health and perhaps save one from ruin and abandon. Poetry in itself asks nothing. Its singular proposal is to speak the truth in all its multifarious beauty.

The poem is to the poet what prayer is to the monk, but one essential distinction separates them: on the one hand, prayer is unfailingly vertical, hopeful, optimistic, thought in the direction of metaphysical considerations, upward toward God; on the other hand, poetry, though vertical, is also horizontal, i.e., not only does it thrust upward toward belief but moves horizontally toward disbelief, away from God, an attitude oftentimes characterized by despair, pain, alienation, a sense that the poet is standing at the edge of the abyss, such as the dark mood reflected in the following lines from Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The Man Against The Sky:*

> If after all that we have lived and thought,
> All comes to Nought, —
> If there be nothing after Now,
> And we be nothing anyhow,
> And we know that, — why live?
> 'Twere sure but weaklings' vain distress
> To suffer dungeons where so many doors
> Will open on the cold eternal shores
> That look sheer down
> To the dark tideless floods of Nothingness
> Where all who know may drown.

Two great poets — T.S. Eliot and Wallace Stevens — perhaps best exemplify two divergent points of reference: belief and disbelief. After his conversion to Christianity in 1928, Eliot became irrefutably perpendicular in his thinking, as evidenced in the following lines from *Four Quartets:*

> For most of us, there is only the unattended
> Moment, the moment in and out of time,
> The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight,
> The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning
> Or the water fall, or music heard so deeply
> That it is not heard at all, but you are the music
> While the music lasts. There are only hints and guesses,
> Hints followed by guesses; and the rest
> Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action,
> The hint half guessed, the gift half understood, is Incarnation.

Rhythms rather than content blur Eliot's verse after 1928, as when the rhythms of *Ash-Wednesday* approximate the rhythms of prayer so that the sense of prayer almost totally absorbs the sense of poetry:

> Because I do not hope to turn again
> Because I do not hope
> Because I do not hope to turn

. . . . . .
Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
But merely vans to beat the air
The air which is now thoroughly small and dry
Smaller and dryer than the will
Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still.

Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death
Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

On the other hand, Stevens' calculated horizontality was the result, in his poetry at least, of a renunciation of transcendental worlds in favor of the reality of the physical universe, lucidly expressed in these lines from *Esthetique du Mal:*

The greatest poverty is not to live
In a physical world, to feel that one's desire
Is too difficult to tell from despair. Perhaps,
After death, the non-physical people, in paradise,
Itself non-physical, may, by chance, observe
The green corn gleaming and experience
The minor of what we feel. The adventurer
In humanity has not conceived of a race
Completely physical in a physical world.
The green corn gleams and the metaphysicals
Lie sprawling in majors of the August heat.

Of course, other poets oscillate between Eliot's metaphysical ascendancy and Stevens' physical descendency. For example, Emily Dickinson's movement between these two fixed points — from belief:

The stimulus, beyond the grave
    His countenance to see,
Supports one like imperial dreams
    Afforded royalty

to disbelief:

I felt a funeral in my brain
    And mourners, to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
    That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated,
    A service like a drum

Kept beating, beating, till I thought
    My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
    And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead, again.
    Then space began to toll.

As though all heavens were a bell,
    And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
    Wrecked, solitary, here,

Poetry, then, unlike prayer, implies a vertical-horizontal geometric, a vital aesthetic dimension essential to the activity, a vision of truth and beauty that transcends all morality and ethics and creeds. The concept of poetry is more inclusive, more comprehensive than prayer. Its territory is not solely the sunny high country of the human spirit but equally the shadowy hinterland of human existence, and the dark experience in the hinterland is as rewarding and as precious as the sunny endeavors in the high country. In prayer, sin or evil can never be embraced. In poetry, evil may be alluring and Satan heroic.

In the Wordworthian tradition, poetry is passive, a truth once experienced, then recollected in tranquility. Prayer is active, a truth one experiences. When prayer and poetry are Siamese, one or the other is bound to suffer, depending upon personal conviction. By Christian standards, when art interferes with prayer, the Christian is obliged to reduce art to a secondary position or to downplay or completely extirpate the art from the ceremony or ritual. One recalls the history of the development of the seeds of drama within the mass in the form of the Easter Trope and its eventual disengagement from the liturgy and even the Church. It is also worth remembering that the distracting splendor of Mozart's Coronation Mass led to its prohibition by the Holy See. Strictly speaking, the Psalms are prayers first, poems second, in the way a Mozart mass when accompanying the actual celebration of the liturgy is prayer first, art second; while in the concert hall, art first, prayer second. At the same time, the non-believer — one who considers art alone the supreme measure of human experience — would turn the whole equation on its head.

In the act of prayer, the objective is communication with God — immediate praise, immediate petitioning, not the apotheosized recollection of truth previously experienced. The poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins (poet as well as priest) were not his prayers, although his poems — beautiful moments of inordinate religious intensity and expression — assisted him in reconciling himself with God. Prayer and poetry, though companions, are not twins. Poetry is an art form. Prayer is a religious activity. While each activity seeks to order reality, it must be understood that one originates on Parnassus with the Muses, the other on Sinai with the Saints. Though they occupy the same mountain range, they remain, as Yosemite Valley's El Capitan and Half Dome remain, two related though tremendously distinct realities.

PATANJALI:
Unveiling the Hidden Splendor

by FRANCIS MERCHANT

MUCH today is said about meditation, but the fundamentals were set forth two thousand years ago — around 150 B.C. — by the sage, Patanjali. He bequeathed a volume of *sutras* to humanity that deals with the method whereby the inner life may be enriched and union with the higher self achieved.

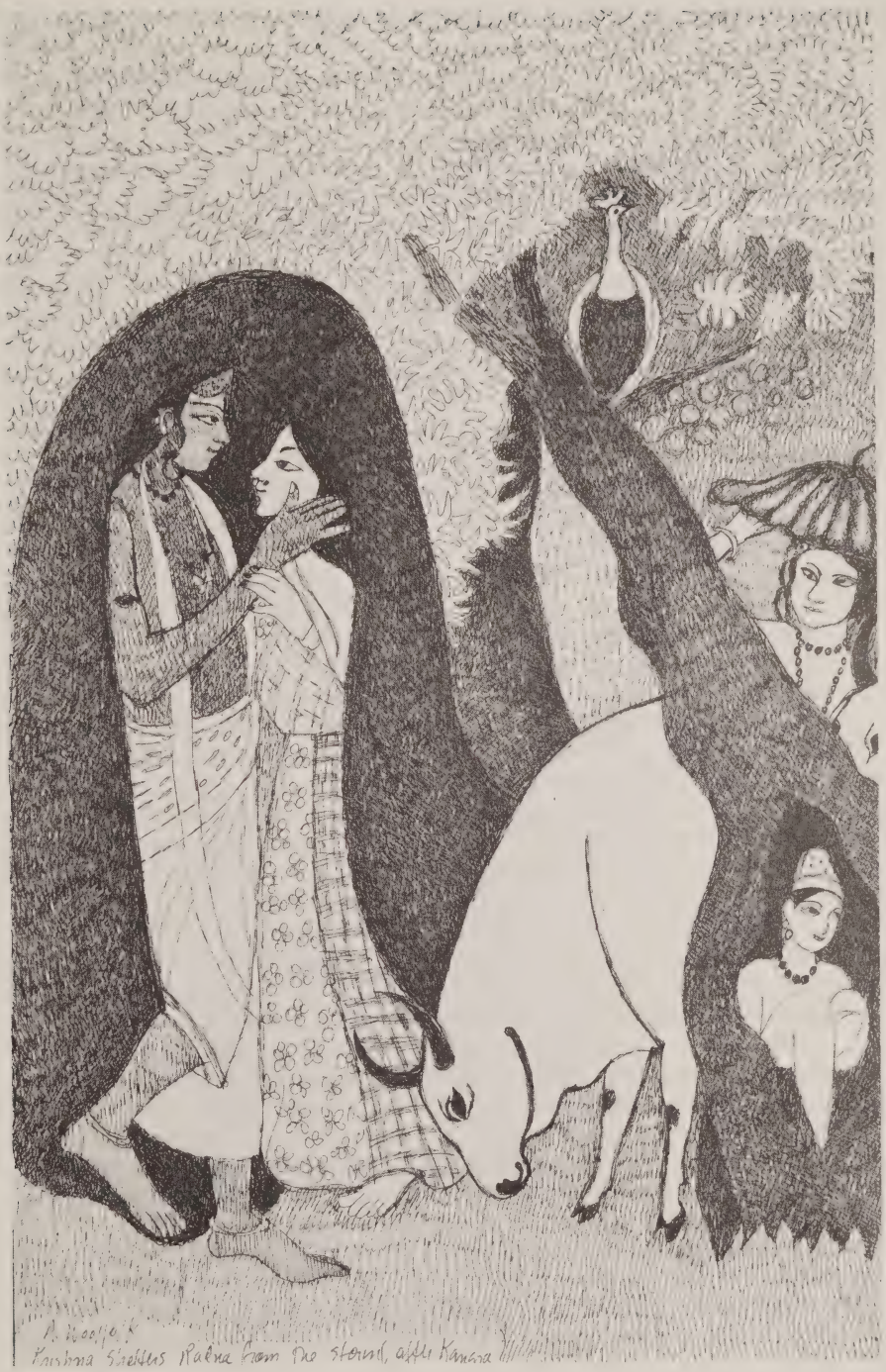
Underlying the teaching is a challenging metaphysical view of life. Time, space, and the sensations filtered into the mind by the senses condition every man's perspectives. What he apprehends depends on the instruments of apprehension, just as an astronomer's view of the heavens will be contingent upon the kind of telescope he uses. The picture of reality as it is conveyed by the senses is false. Even science declares that matter consists of energy units, or atoms, in ceaseless movement, but the mind provides no evidence of such motion.

At this point Kant, the German philosopher, despaired. Beyond all phenomena are noumena. In other words, beyond the data provided by the senses lies something altogether different, something that is inapprehensible.

Many people assume that the world made evident by sense impressions is real, yet in actuality it is but a faint approximation of a different order of being.

Is it possible to rise beyond the time-bound, sense-mediated, three-dimensional world of material existence and catch a glimpse of the subtler realm of shadowless light? Patanjali answers in the affirmative. But the path of escape that he describes leads through parched deserts, across raging rivers, over cragged mountains. He who would tread it must carry with him the flaming lamps of courage, perseverance, and patience.

The Thinker and His Instruments: The scientist makes discoveries; the poet dreams of high ideals; the prophet fulfills a mission; the disciple follows a vision; but who is the thinker, the dreamer, the doer, the creator? We



Drawing by Ann Woolfolk

ponder on discoveries, ideals, missions, and visions, but what is the nature of the source from which they emanated?

These are simple questions, but they lead to profound metaphysical considerations. Man has studied the objective world (the non-self) very carefully, but far less thoroughly, the perceiver (the self). He is himself the source from which all ideas and activities emanate. In other words, great emphasis has been placed on the non-self, but comparatively little on the nature of the self, or the thinker. Patanjali corrects this unbalanced view of the outer world and man's relation to it.

The thinker, he says, uses the body — comprising the physical form, the emotions, and the mind — as a vesture or instrument. Just as the universe is the manifestation of the thought of the creator, so is the human form an objectification of the thinker. All things outer are an expression of the essence that is inner.

By means of his instrument — the senses and the mind — the thinker establishes a relationship with the non-self. He is limited, however, by his mechanism of cognition. What he perceives is but that fraction of reality which is mediated to him by the senses. His conception of the objective world is consequently partial, misleading, and false. For the West, this limited perspective is generally accepted as reality, but Patanjali challenges this view.

Ignorance: The root cause of man's difficulties, asserts Patanjali, is ignorance. Man, generally speaking, knows neither his origin, his destination, nor the purpose of his wanderings on this plane of density. He is born helpless, passes through life endlessly searching for happiness, and is eventually cut down by the sickle of time. At the end, he often knows but little more than he did at the beginning.

Enmeshed in the world of illusion, he grasps at pleasure and finds pain; he reaches for power and finds disillusionment; he seeks self-aggrandizement by accumulating possessions and learns that he must leave everything behind when he moves into the next dimension of consciousness.

Above all, he does not know himself — the source of his enslavement, the means of his liberation; nor does he understand the nature of the human predicament, the imprisonment of the soul in matter, and the opportunity offered him to achieve union with the divinity of which he is an expression.

As Patanjali says, ignorance "is the condition of confusing the permanent, pure, blissful, and the self, with that which is impermanent, impure, painful, and the non-self."

Mistaken Identity: The search for identity is a perennial quest. The shape of destiny hangs upon this endeavor. What a man considers himself to be colors all he does.

If asked to define a human being, the chemist is apt to catalogue the chemical elements that compose the body; the biologist may say that man is classifiable as a superior animal; a surgeon may list the skeleton and the flesh; a psychologist may enumerate the instincts and drives that generally

characterize human behavior. These definitions, it is to be noted, do not point to a quest, that is, a search to discover the inner identity.

The sages of olden times undertook the arduous quest, namely, the attempt to discover the identity that lies hidden behind the objective form. Their realizations are of the greatest significance for all persons who bear the human image. What they discovered is inspiring, yet it should not be taken as proof. Each person must institute his own search and arrive at his own conclusions. Only the proof that is hewn out of hard struggle and persistent seeking is worthy of being woven into the fabric of consciousness. The value of Patanjali lies in the incentive he creates and the direction in which he points. Verification is the task of the seeker. The teaching is a road map rather than a set of dogmas.

The nature of the self, or the thinker, according to Patanjali, is spirit, unconditioned by time and space, "untouched by limitation," free from the fluctuating tides of desire, pure bliss.

How man, a speck in the universe, can be a manifestation of the eternal life is a paradox. The mind finds such a possibility difficult to grasp. Also, how can a human being, beset by limitations and strongly conscious of his littleness, identify himself with the greatness of the inner Self? The disparity between the two states can be dismaying. However, if harsh experience has aroused in an individual a strong enough sense of dissatisfaction with the customary course of life, he may be ready to experiment along the lines that Patanjali suggests.

Attachment: Patanjali offers no short-cut to instant enlightenment. What he demands is a transformation of consciousness, a reshaping of every aspect of thinking. His perspective includes many lives, not simply the fleeting period of a single incarnation. He assumes that man is the end product of many sojourns in matter, and that his present state is the direct result of causes he himself set in motion in the long past. A man's major choice in this lifetime, speaking broadly, is whether he wishes to become further entangled in the meshes of matter or is minded to return to the House of Eternal Light, where the spirit in fullness can be known. Does he wish to embrace his greatness or continue to accentuate his littleness? Is he prepared to escape from the prison house that he has constructed by his thought and desire? Patanjali's message is for those who answer in the affirmative.

If ignorance is the fundamental cause of bondage, attachment is the means whereby the imprisoning shackles are forged. Desire is the glue that binds the personality with the non-self. Detachment is a process that may be compared to the ability of the tortoise to withdraw into itself.

Desire is a multi-headed hydra that finds expression in all thought and action. A pervasive force, it governs the springs of conduct. All that we thirst for belongs in this category — success, recognition, security, wealth, happiness, fulfillment, satisfaction, pleasure, possessions, praise. Such desires are related to the material self, the personality manifestation. From them springs attachment. Negative expressions like hate, envy, malice, avarice,

chain us ever more firmly in the prison house of the personality.

Can the energy of such desires be redirected? The price to be paid for such a readjustment is high; it involves standing at the door of thought and subjecting all that crosses the threshold to analysis.

Attaining Inner Peace: The mind, like a monkey, jumps from one subject to another. Left to itself, it easily turns into the playground of the senses. Unless it is brought to rest, it becomes a troublesome hindrance. Patanjali indicates various ways in which its undisciplined activity can be brought under control, and the mind established in peace.

a. Dispassion towards all forms of good and evil. A judge listens dispassionately to both plaintiff and defendant, attentive but uninvolved. His attitude raises him above the heat of contention. The disciple could profit by acquiring a similarly dispassionate disposition in regard to the events of everyday life.

b. Rhythmic living. The picture of an artist is characterized by organization, balance, and perspective. The incidental is subordinated to the essential. The parts enhance the whole. The formula pertains not only to pictures, but to creative living as well.

c. Meditation on sense perceptions. The senses are gates through which infinity is meditated. As a poet says, "the world is charged with the grandeur of God."

d. Meditation on light and radiance: All light proceeds from a source, namely, the fire that generates it. Man is himself a sun that radiates creatively into its environment.

e. Withdrawal: Not by yielding to the gravitational pull of the lower self, the disciple diminishes its influence. Such action involves a withdrawal into the citadel of the soul.

f. The power of the imagination: The senses reveal the external world; the imagination, a self-created domain. By strengthening his dream capacity, a disciple recreates the world in a new image.

g. Concentration on what is dearest: Every object bespeaks a creator, and that which is dearest can be traced back to the eternal power from which it sprang.

Obstacles: If formidable obstacles did not bar the way, many persons would surely have discovered "the light that never was on land or sea." Patanjali lists some of the roadblocks that have sidetracked disciples since time immemorial — bodily disability, mental inertia, wrong questioning, carelessness, laziness, lack of dispassion, erroneous perception, inability to achieve, concentration, failure to hold the meditative attitude when achieved.

A wavering will nullifies much constructive effort. Unless there is persistent and undeviating application, the hurdles prove too difficult to be surmounted. There are many tunnels from which the disciple can emerge only by steadily moving forward in the dark. Consistent effort is better than intense spurts of enthusiastic application. The plodder often advances farther than

the leaper.

A consideration of the three qualities of matter (called *gunas*) may indicate why progress is often slow. Inertia, activity, and balance are characteristics everywhere observable. Human beings who fall into inertia tend to repeat customary patterns over and over. Driven by the urge to be ceaselessly active, a different type of person never stops long enough to enjoy the perfumed silence of the inner life. It is only when balance or rhythm is achieved that an individual can more richly profit from meditation practices. Until the disciple has overcome inertia and restrained the urge to be ceaselessly active has he prepared himself adequately to embark on the arduous journey to self-realization.

Many tendencies characteristic of modern civilization are enslaving rather than liberating. Drink, drugs, and compulsive gambling belong in this category, and so does promiscuity. Curiously enough, those who forge binding chains for themselves often profess that they are pioneering in the cause of freedom.

For those who are troubled by adverse inclinations, Patanjali offers helpful counsel. Disturbing thoughts can be countered by concentrating imaginatively on their opposites. By this means negative tendencies are transformed into positive attitudes, and vices into virtues.

The Golden Key — Meditation: The meditator closes his eyes, symbolically detaching himself from the impinging forces of the domain of form, and looks within. He seeks to move from the world of things to the world of thought — and then to the world of essence. It is to be noted that the realm of ideas represents the midway point. The quest begins in matter and then progresses to mind and to spirit. The goal is the dissociation with the non-self and unity with the god within.

The means of achieving the highter identification are fiery aspirations, devotion to the highest, and the spiritual insight that comes from a comprehension of symbols.

Aspiration creates a thread that links the realm of matter with that of spirit. Intensity is necessary to bridge the wide gap between the lowest and the highest. When desire is transmuted into aspiration, a significant shift in polarization takes place. The outgoing impulse becomes an upward-striving motion. The arrow sent forth horizontally is redirected vertically.

Devotion to the highest involves a subordination of the little self to the great self. The dewdrop becomes the ocean. The devotee is transformed in the image of the cherished vision. The seeker merges with the sought.

The world is an aggregation of symbols. Every form expresses a quality and conceals a purpose. Spiritual reading has little to do with ordinary books; it deals with the study of the symbols that comprise the universe. The stars and constellations are the handwriting of the Creator. Man himself is one of the greatest symbols, yet he knows not what he signifies. As the soul is hidden in the body, so God is hidden in his universe.

Behind the outer structure of the cosmos stands the purpose that produced it. Symbolism seeks to comprehend the relationship between the outer form and the life of which it is an expression. Natural phenomena, rightly contemplated, yield significant insights. For example, a book implies an author, a meaningful content, and a reader. If the universe is regarded as a book, then, it would seem that man's reading ability leaves something to be desired.

Fire, as it burns, produces flame, smoke and ashes. Our lives, viewed symbolically, are a burning — but some persons identify themselves with the ashes and carry the charred remains as a heavy burden on their backs; others identify themselves with the smoke, which beclouds their vision; a few identify themselves with the flame that mounts upward in beauty.

Water, like compassion, moves downward, nourishing the seeds that hide in the soil. A person may be a well of living waters or a stagnant pond.

Powers of the soul: If the study of science brings knowledge, the unfoldment of the soul confers powers of the spirit. Man could always walk, but modern technology enables him to fly. Soul development brings into activity hitherto unexpressed potencies of the inner self. Such powers, however, are dangerous. They should always be by-products, never primary objectives of striving.

"These powers," says Patanjali, "are obstacles to the highest spiritual realization, but serve as magical powers in the objective world." The end to be achieved is liberation, not magic. The exercise of powers emphasizes the phenomenal aspect of things and tends to bind the individual to the world in which these potencies find expression.

The persistent practice of meditation, however, does release new forces in the psyche. All things, Patanjali writes, emit a sound — a sound that becomes audible to the disciple. "Through concentrated meditation, the thought images in the minds of other people become apparent. . . . All things can be known in the vivid light of the intuition. . . . The mind stuff, reflecting both the knower and the knowable, becomes omniscient." Such attainments, however interesting and intriguing, are results of creative endeavor, but the disciple concerns himself with the striving, not its fruits.

Isolated unity: For long a man lives in the dark house of the senses, where there is much pain, woe, and distress. Dissatisfied, he leaves this place and travels across the bridge of discrimination to the abode of unity, where there is shadowless light. Here he dwells, at one with all souls, and yet, paradoxically, isolated. In this place he learns the art of radiation. The light within him merges with that of the sun and brightens the day for all mankind.

Although the figure of Patanjali is lost in the night of time, the treatise he wrote has endured over the centuries. His message emphasizes a perennial theme, profoundly meaningful in every age, namely, man's entanglement in a world of illusion and the methods available in the quest of liberation. Despite the advances of science and the proliferation of books, Patanjali's contribution remains significantly relevant.

Glossary of Terms

Atman: The eternal self, as distinguished from the false self; the universal principle in man.

Book of Urizen: Is the story, by Blake, of the creation of the world and man, and of the origin of evil. Urizen, in the likeness of Jehovah, personifies dogmatic reason. For Blake the true *fall* is Urizen's creation of matter, which chains him within the very limitations he has conceived.

Circle of the Lustful: Illustration by Blake (pages 10-11) of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, sweeps the lovers along in a whirlwind above the Sea of Time and Space. One man dominated by lust (upside down in the cruciform position) crashes upon the rocky bank; but beyond him the rapturous lovers are carried on, to escape upwards, presumably from Hell.

Guna: A quality or attribute, but more specifically the three *gunas* refer to the three mystic elements or principles out of which all things and beings in this world are made: these are, *Sattva*, light or illumination principle, *Rajas*, activity or passion principle, and, *Tamas*, dullness, heaviness or inertia principle.

Marriage of Heaven and Hell: This is Blake's *Principia*, his new concept of the universe. Mind not matter is the basic substance. This universe is psychological; it is the universe in which we really live. It is egocentric and differs with each individual, yet is essentially the same. In analyzing this universe of man's mind, which contains heaven and hell and nature, Blake anticipated the theories of Freud, for Blake's "Energy" is the libido, the Id, and his "Reason" is the censor, the Superego. This universe of man's mind is a unity. All those things long since separated by Reason — God and man, man and nature, body and soul, good and evil, all religious differences — are accounted for and reconciled. The contraries are essential to each other; they work together; and Blake's universe is therefore dynamic.

Urizen: Is the southern *Zoa*, who symbolizes Reason. He is the limiter of Energy, the law-maker, and the avenging conscience. His art is Architecture, his sense is Sight, his metal is Gold, his element is Air.
His emanation is *Ahania* (pleasure); his Contrary, in the north, is *Urthona* (the imagination)

Visions of the Daughters of Albion: Is the illuminated book by Blake in which the soul is represented in a state of Experience. It is primarily a protest against the sexual customs of the times.

Zoas: Blake identified the *Zoas* with the four fundamental aspects of man: his body (Tharmas-west); his reason (Urizen-south); his emotions (Luvah-east); and his imagination (Urthona-north). These aspects are Jung's fourfold analysis of man. Blake named them "The Four Eternal Senses of Man" (Jerusalem 36:31;98:22). As man was made in the image of God, his *Zoas* are the reflections of the divine aspects.

Jack In The Pulpit

by ELIZABETH SOCOLOW

Speak for me of green
standing upright, thick
and new this Spring.

Speak for the snow
you broke to bloom, bent
and flowerless as an unsprung

fern. Speak for the light
you reached for in the blind,
the press of something seen

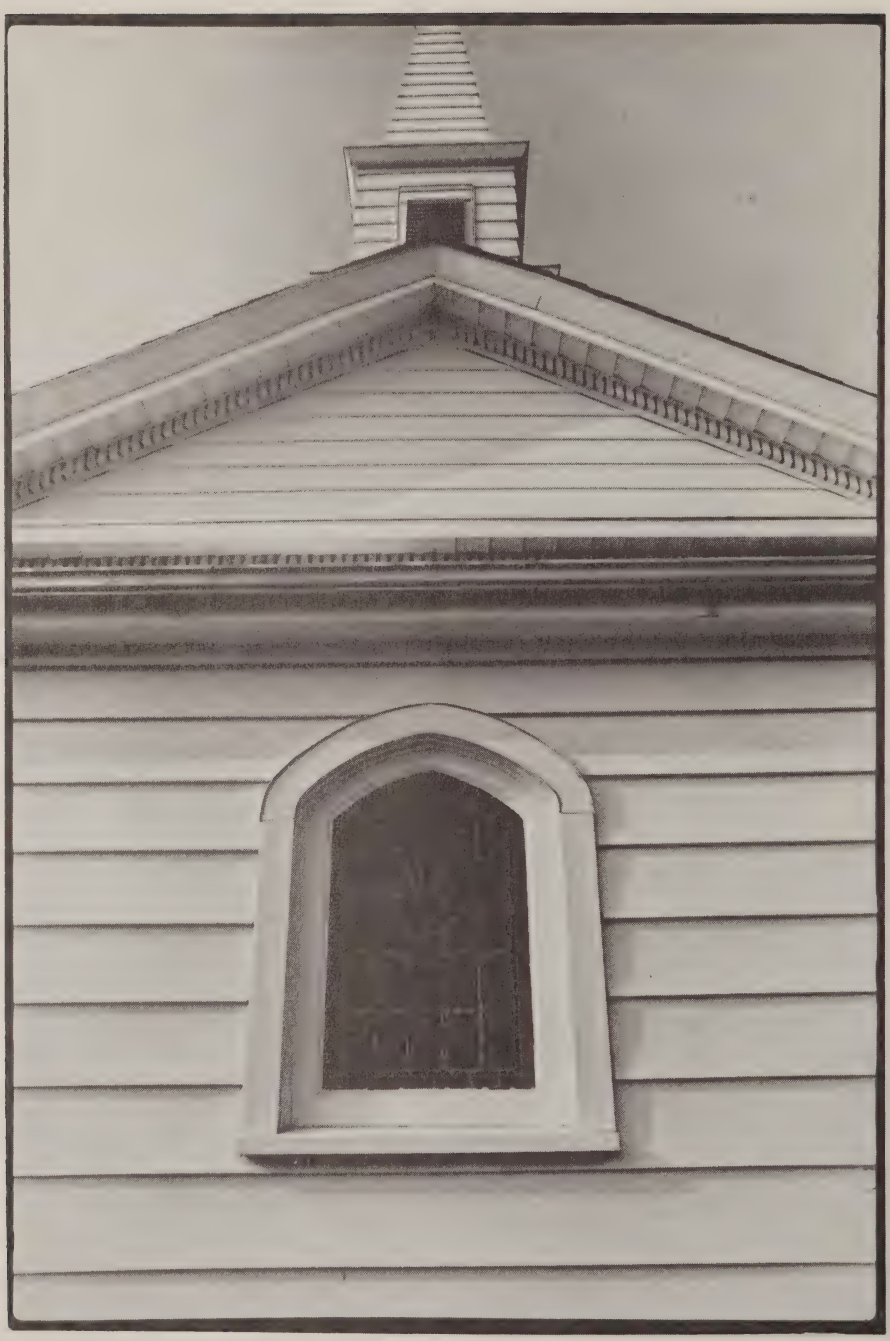
by the seam of that rudder
pushing to sun, to air and heat.
And speak of the grained pulpit

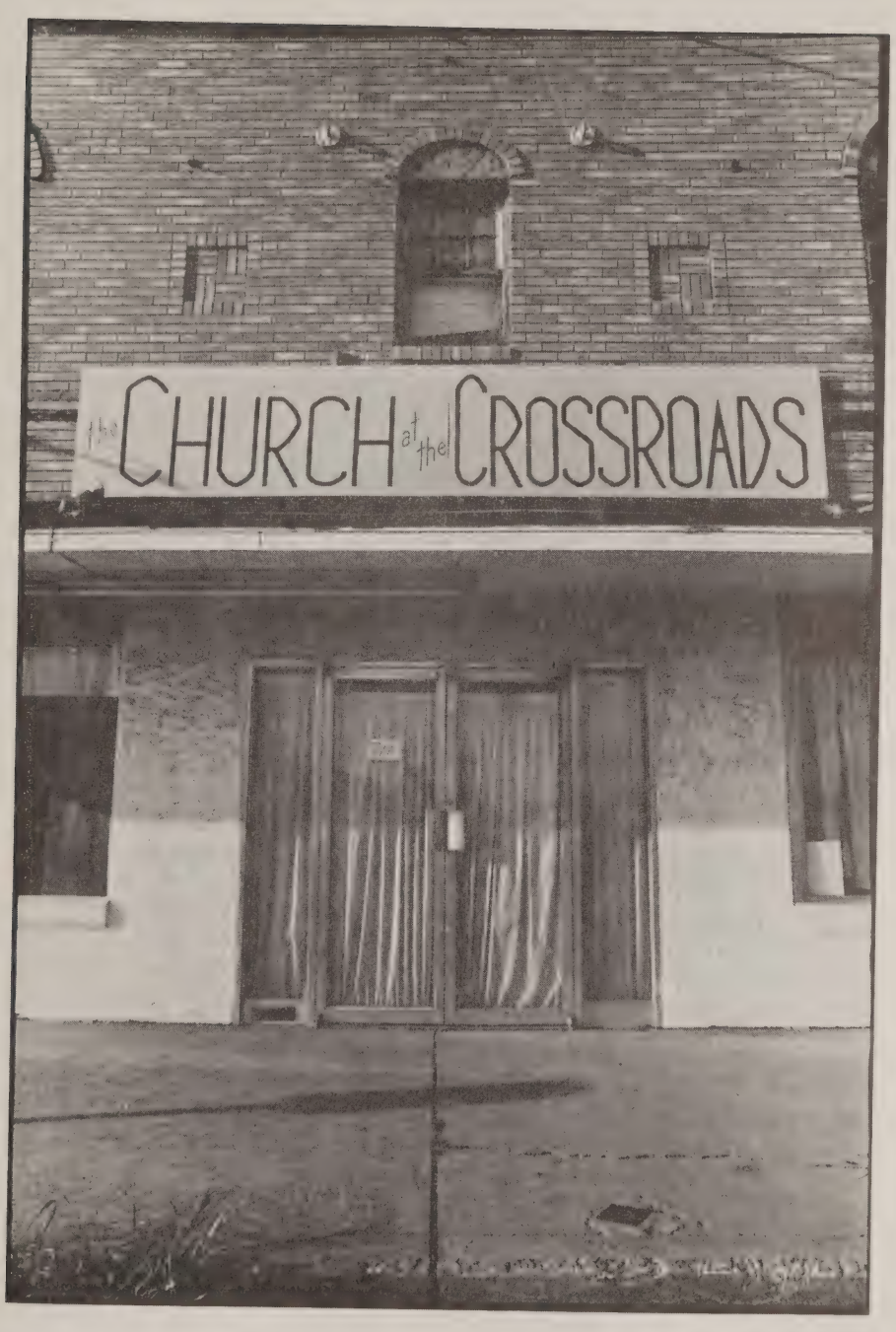
that contains your sweet
silence and your ringing.
This once, Jack, do not forget
the oiled fan, how it cups
around the space where you have grown.
I am your paler halo, your altarpiece and throne.

"Ours"

PHOTO-ESSAY by JONATHAN BLOCK

A number of modern churches and chapels are world-famous for their beauty — the chapel at M.I.T., the one decorated by Matisse at Vence in southern France, the one in Houston containing Mark Rothko's great dark meditations in paint, LeCorbusier's chapel in Ronchamp, Frank Lloyd Wright's synagogue in Elkins Park, Pennsylvania. Places of worship are beautiful, though, to those who use them, like the ones shown on this and the following pages, none of them famous, all of them inside the city-limits of Trenton, New Jersey.




the CHURCH at the CROSSROADS

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI 1876-1957

"Do not look for obscure formulas or mysteries. I am giving you pure joy. Look at the sculptures until you see them. Those nearest to God have seen them."

Enigmatic is the word that immediately rises to mind at the mention of Constantin Brancusi: enigmatic in its widest connotation — as well as solitude and obscurity. But history has a gracious way of providing for her sons once they are in the Pantheon or have reached Parnassus. So it was for Brancusi, born of peasant stock at the foothills of the Carpathians in Southern Rumania. Unable to remain in the bucolic setting in which he was born, he pursued his destiny to Paris where he remained for his entire life. Suffering the dignified poverty which has graced so many artists' garrets, his genius was acknowledged by Rodin who offered him a position in his *atelier* after the Musee Luxembourg's exhibition in 1906. The polite but adamant refusal that, "nothing grows well in the shadow of a big tree," is indicative of the contemplative essence of Brancusi's character and not his arrogance.

Brancusi's career was completely dominated by his innate characteristics; where they came from is impossible to guess. Tall, gaunt, bearded; by nature self-contained and reticent. He portrayed the monastic ritual of asceticism and simplicity of life with the noble demeanor more often associated with a saint than a simple pilgrim. He was a man who from the very beginning had come to terms with the earth on which he lived and the creation which had provided it. He was one who fully accepted the act of communion with nature, and by doing so, experienced the spiritual equilibrium often sought by many, but attained by few.

So Brancusi was born, so Brancusi remained — the exterior trappings taught him nothing — he had nothing to learn from them. His course was marked out, immutably, from the beginning. Brancusi's struggle was not an outward struggle with ideas, but an inward struggle, within himself. He was by no means detached, unless one considers his detachment from the artistic movements that punctuated the first decades of the century. He was intimately fascinated by everything to do with his art — his thoughts for it, his feelings towards it, his reactions to it. It was a love affair of the most consummated kind. The simplicity of life and the elation of spiritual sublimity are the ingredients that allow this truly marvellous capacity to find its scope and no attempt at sculpture has more fully realized its intentions than *Bird in Space.*

Bird in Space is the title of the work on the opposite page, bronze is the material, but the theme is undoubtedly the attainment of spiritual release and the evocation of prayer. So sublime is the intention, so definite is the result that we readily understand the work as the culmination of spiritual and plastic equilibrium; containing radiation and power within a profound tranquility of spirit.

— J.S.D.G.

Six Days at the John-Roger Conference of Unity

Experiences of An Insight Junkie

by ANGELO JOHN LEWIS

The following are excerpts from a journal kept by Angelo John Lewis during the Conference of Unity held last fall in Valley Forge, Pa., and Madison, Connecticut. Angelo participated in human potential trainings and attended a seminar conducted by John-Roger — founder and spiritual director of the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness, who is also founder of the Insight Training Seminars and president of both Koh-i-nor University and Prana Theological Seminary.

First Day

I am a veteran of human potential trainings. About this time last year, I had completed my third Insight Training Seminar. So I recognize my feelings. The weeks before trainings have usually been hectic: completing work frantically so I can take time to be with myself. Frazzled is the price I sometimes have to pay.

These seminars have helped me turn my life around. Once I got my first taste of them, I was hooked: I became, in the parlance, "an insight junkie." I found I wanted more and more of the experience of my own loving.

When I received the brochure for the Conference, the trainings I most wanted to participate in were "Insight Service Training" and "Personal Effectiveness Training." But the Insight folks had a special package that enabled you to take those two trainings along with the Graduate Review at a reduced cost. And, I noticed, there was something called "A Couple's Workshop: Opening Our Spiritual Hearts To Each Other," which I thought might be great for J. and me to attend. And I couldn't miss John-Roger. In

short, it was kind of *smorgasbord* time: days and nights of trainings, the company of a family of friends, late-night excursions to fast-food places, hugs and kisses and smiles: joy, Joy, JJJOOOYYY!

"Service Training" I had particularly wanted to do because I had recently decided I want to know more about serving myself and others. My previous attitude had been egocentric — something like "I can take care of my space, why can't you take care of yours?" That attitude had brought me to a place where I had found myself growing more and more sure of myself in a narrower and narrower space. The flip side, of course, was fear of people and their judgments — in a word, insecurity and arrogance.

I had already dissolved a lot of my arrogance and moved consciously into loving, nurturing, and serving myself and others. The seminar seemed to be a good opportunity to learn more about service, which John-Roger calls "the highest form of relationship."

The fifty-odd people who attended it with me had similar concerns. At a facilitators' instruction, we began by identifying what each of us thought "service" meant. For some it meant things like unconditional giving, while others grasped that it starts by serving the Self and the Self's true needs. The bottom line seemed to center around the importance of giving *and* receiving.

We did some group processes and came up with our individual goals for service. Mine were: for myself, more relaxation and leisure time, writing a book, studying oriental medicine, working on my backhand; and for others, setting a time each month to visit my mother, doing more community service through the center of which I am the director, exploring ways of teaching disadvantaged children about proper dietary practice, and promoting racial harmony.

We ended the first day by agreeing on a service project to do the following morning.

Here's where my difficulties began. Uggh! I got to look at the problems I had in cooperating with others. How my ego blocked my leadership ability — a lot of other things I hadn't been willing to see. When our group joined with a larger group to pick a project, I instantly saw I was the only person present who was familiar with the Philadelphia area, which seemed the natural place to do the morning project. My idea was not well received, mainly (or so I thought) because there was another person in the group who had equally strong ideas about where we should do the project. . . . We battled and finally decided to meet at 8 A.M. on South Street in Philly to find some streets to clean.

The first session of Grad Review involved the same basic processes. We introduced ourselves and went over the ground rules: things like no consumption of consciousness-altering substances during training, no side talking, arriving at the training room on time. As our homework we were asked to answer one of the following questions: What limiting games do you play? or What do you settle for when you don't get what you want? I decided the limiting games I play are: 1) making money a prime consideration in my choices of livelihood, 2) playing "superior-inferior" games with people, 3)

telling myself I am isolated from others, and 4) having to be right.

Second Day

Speaking of having to be right, I confronted the woman I'd felt tension with yesterday. It turns out she does "creative problem-solving" for executives and corporations. I asked her to consider a hypothetical situation in which a leader sees what he thinks is the correct course of action for a group. "In that kind of situation," she said "the leader has two options. If he sees there's no leadership in the group, and recognizes himself as a leader, he can offer his idea directly. If, however, other leaders are involved, he should strive to seek a consensus between himself and the other leaders. It's attitude that's the important thing." This cleared the tension between me and her.

Then we divided into groups and went to pick up trash in Philadelphia. What a loving experience! As I was dutifully and diligently sweeping the street, I thought of my first summer job as a janitor at Moore College of Art back in 1966, when I was a junior in high school. I thought the work was unworthy of me and how the other men thought I was too weak physically to do it and assigned me to stand at the door and watch for deliveries instead. I also thought of my friend Pablocito and how when he decided to become a maintenance contractor, I said, "Why the hell don't you be an artist like you want to be?" These thoughts made me realize my attitude toward service had caused me trouble. Not in a situation I saw as unique or special, but in these other, common situations. I felt I'd learned an important lesson.

Afterwards, we did a "process," in which we were asked to name a goal, how we blocked ourselves from achieving it, and what strengths and abilities we could use to get past these blocks. My goal turned out to be attaining financial independence. The block I have used against it is thinking it "isn't spiritual". Steps I listed to take included: keeping a money journal and monitoring my spending, letting others take charge of areas like taxes which I am not comfortable about handling.

In Grad Review we examined what might be called the radical idea that people create their own experience. We examined such issues as guilt, resentment, anger, and fear. We were asked to look at what we gained from focusing on such "heavies" as guilt and resentment. I, for example, "gain" a sense of separation and superiority by holding onto anger. . . . The main point of the "process" appeared to be that it is possible to realize one has an option about such feelings. The bottom line — the really radical idea is: Choose what you have and you have what you choose. . . .

Third Day

The night before our first "Couples" seminar, J. and I had an argument. She had just had a minor car accident. I had ten minutes to talk before I had to go back to the training room and was trying to establish a time for us to meet. She suddenly shouted: "*Listen* to me! I just had an accident! *You never listen to me!*" Somehow we managed to arrange a time.

"Relationship," said co-facilitator Ron Hulnick, "is a process within

which we have the opportunity of learning to be *loving* more and more of the time."

It was uplifting to be in the presence of all these couples, some of whom had been in relationship for less than a year, at least one of whom had been married for more than ten years (they got a big round of applause), at least one of which was gay, and at least one of which was considering breaking up.

Men and women divided into two mini-groups to define common "areas of concern" with spouses and/or lovers. The concerns of the men involved such issues as independence and individuality, sexuality and intimacy, and roles, either traditional or otherwise. The concerns of the women were money and career versus sexuality, and individuality versus cooperation. Then — in small "triads" — we examined the expectations we had of our partners that made issues of these "areas of concern". One guy said his partner's lack of neatness had become an issue because of his own ingrained attitude toward orderly space. He decided to resolve the issue by building containers for his partner's "junk" instead of constantly carping about her messiness.

For my part, I realized that my "tuning-out" and not listening to J. had to do with a belief I had that my creative process would be dissipated by total intimacy. I decided to look at this more closely and include J. more in my creative inner world.

"Realtionship," Hulnick said, "is a vehicle for learning about the Self." Relationship is really the only thing there is. If we are not relating to others, we are relating to ourselves. Growing means developing greater and greater relationship skills.

At Grad Review today we had to list ways we had of "hiding" from others. I realized I often hid anger by expressing humor. This usually came up in situations where whites would make ethnic jokes that offended me. . . . I interviewed Victor Toso, the 27-year-old education-coordinator, who is a minister for the Movement For Spiritual Inner Awareness. He said the Movement is a spiritual organization — "a church working toward spiritual upliftment, the primary purpose of which is to direct people inwards so they can work to get free of this planet and eventually, through soul transcendence, find themselves off this planet." He feels the Insight Training Seminars teach people practical ways to "live on this level."

Fourth Day

I'll just describe the ending of "Couples." A circle of us in the training room, all holding hands, looking around the room at the love in everyone's eyes. It was very lifting, somehow very pure to be there. The couple who had said they wanted to break up now weren't sure. A Japanese woman said she and her husband had been fighting before they came to the workshop. "We thought maybe we go in separate cars. Now I think we want to go home in one car." J. and I cradled one another for a long time. . . .

Fifth Day

The Personal Effectiveness Training Workshop was what I wanted most. It

was conducted by Russell Bishop, the director of the Seminars. We started with a "process" in which everyone in the room represented some person or action we had made a commitment to. So-and-so, for instance, represented the commitment I'd made to myself to take tennis lessons, and someone else represented a friend I'd said I'd call but never did, etc. You had to tear off little strips of paper and present each person with a signed slip attesting to the commitment he represented. There were so many things I was committed to do I could have continued for hours.

The next assignment was to reclaim our strips of paper. What was interesting for me was that although several people returned the slips I had given them, I didn't have any slips. The message was, of course, that while I frequently expect people to do things for me, I rarely commit myself to do anything for them.

Then we divided into small groups and had to give testimonials as to our present levels of effectiveness. . . . This, I was beginning to realize, was no-nonsense training. Russell asked us to list goals for the next ten years, the next five years, the goals we would have if we had only a month to live.

At Grad Review today I saw the power and love that has been building. We had come into training, fifty people from different walks of life, and now we were one in our love and joy.

The traditional Insight graduation is a beautiful candlelighting ceremony. There was a special guest: John-Roger. He had such a delighted look in his eyes as he took his candle and lit another's. The room was full — people exchanging addresses, laughing, crying, singing, hugging, dancing, making merry. I felt everyone in the room was part of my family. God bless us all.

Sixth Day

Today, through a closed-eye process, I got to identify my innermost goal. Which is. . . financial success! And my favorite clairvoyant once told me I didn't have any material karma at all! Maybe I'd better invest in that mutual fund. Maybe not.

There were also a bunch of triads. They gave us six questions. What's an area in which you are less effective than you want to be? What belief or role do you have that limits you in that area? What image or weakness does that rule protect? What do you need to do to turn it into a strength? Are you willing to do it? When are you going to do it?

Well?

John-Roger's seminar brought the conference to a close. This man on the chair, apparently a very simple man fond of telling jokes, didn't fit my preconceptions of a spiritual master. I won't quote him here because I wouldn't want to misrepresent him. But here's what the card on my seat said:

Don't be afraid to look at your beauty.
Don't be afraid to love yourself.
Love yourself so much
that it flows over to everyone.

In order to arrive at having pleasure in everything,
Desire to have pleasure in nothing.
In order to arrive at possessing everything,
Desire to possess nothing.
In order to arrive at being everything,
Desire to be nothing.
In order to arrive at knowing everything,
Desire to know nothing.

for

When the mind dwells upon anything,
Thou art ceasing to cast thyself upon the All.
For, in order to pass from the all to the All,
Thou hast to deny thyself wholly in all.

— ST JOHN OF THE CROSS

GLENDALOUGH IN IRELAND:

"A Blessed Place"

by ELAINE CUNNINGHAM

THERE ARE places of power in the earth that have drawn to them extraordinary people and events. These in turn have imbued the place with a mysterious ability to draw others and exert a pervasive influence on them. It is as though place and person have each increased the other's energy, forming a magnet to pull benevolent or malevolent forces to them.

Even the most casual traveler to the Holy Land experiences some response to the conjunction of faiths there. Nor does one have to be Roman Catholic to feel the strength of Lourdes. From earliest times, Chartres has been a place of worship and ritual. There is much more to be experienced there than what meets the eye although that is overwhelming enough.

Such a place is Glendalough, close to Wicklow, on the eastern coast of Ireland.

We had driven from Shannon down the west coast through the cold, wet, spring weather, trudging through rain-soaked pastures to explore stone forts, searching the outskirts of small towns for Druid circles. Of course, the true wonder and glory is the land itself. We had been prepared for the greenness of it, but not for the golden gorse that smells like marzipan; not for the enormity of sky with great clouds forever blown by one wind or another, the sudden showers, the capricious sun appearing and disappearing.

It is a land of such variety, such extremes, that both body and mind must respond to change. It becomes possible to believe anything and everything at the same time and even when they are contradictory.

As we reached Glendalough, the sun smiled benignly as though it had not been absent for so long that we were chilled. The site is noted in Tourist Information as the location of St. Kevin's hermitage and later of the monastery he founded. We left the car to wander the footpath beside the lower lake in search of the spots of importance. As we went at our own paces, we lost sight of one another and just ambled along in silence uninterrupted by tourists.

All of the sites of Kevin's early years lie across the lake and must be reached by boat when the boats are running. But this day is well before the tourist season so there are no boats. Across the clear, cold water one can see up on the ledge the cave known as "Kevin's Bed". He stayed here in voluntary solitude until bidden to come out into the world and take on the enormous responsibility of founding the monastery where scholars took refuge and preserved knowledge against the destruction that swept Europe: a place

for the preservation of all that was most sweetly human.

The stories of St. Kevin, who lived in the sixth century, are many. Did he truly stand in the cold water of the lake, unmoving because a bird had built a nest in his outstretched hand and he would not disturb her? Did he actually throw poor Kathleen off the ledge rather than fall prey to temptation?

I retraced my steps and went back to the well-marked diagram set up by the efficient Irish Tourist Office. It directed me to the path that led to Reffert's, the ruins of the church where Kevin preached.

No one else was around as I made my way up a rise to this church of stones set one upon another where the walls still stand. The roof has long since gone. There are only the sunlit walls with the blue heaven above.

I stood transfixed in the entry, looking across the small space to where the altar once stood, to where Kevin had spoken to his congregation of monks and scholars. A sense of overwhelming recognition of the reality of his life swept me. The only response would be to go down on my knees in this magic place and pray for us all, past, present, and future. But my companions came in sight — and the moment was gone.

Yet not quite. I crossed to stand in the chancel and look out through the window space. When I turned again to the altar, my spirit had begun to sing in tune for the first time in many months.

It is the place. Reffert's moved me as few places ever have. I wandered out among the ancient stones in the crowded graveyard and walked above the long-dead and thanked them all — each and all, the hands that had lifted the stones, the monks who had lived and died here, all those who lived and taught and suffered, all those who kept alive a faith and a humanity so that, all these centuries later, it is preserved for me.

The seven churches, the round tower, the centuries, the lives, the devotion. The land is so sanctified that one can feel it all around. Small wonder that so many want to be buried here. It would seem that one would almost automatically be in a state of grace and take the shortest route to a heaven that feels but a single step away.

We fell into conversation with a fellow doing some measuring as part of a survey team. He says the grave he is working on has something peculiar about it, but he does not elaborate. He tells us the Irish kings got themselves buried here, but no one knows any longer which grave is which, including Kevin's own. But, he says, it is a holy, holy place — woods, glade, lakes, all of it.

A lady in Bray confirmed my feelings. She brought us our meal and stayed to talk, full of stories and full of love for this land. She told us all the places to go in Wicklow. "When it's fine weather, I go swimming early in the morning when there's no one about. When I come out of the water, I stand and look at it all and feel it's mine. All mine!"

On the subject of Glendalough: "Any time I'm low and feeling bad, I take the bus there. I wander about, sit, look around, let it all come in on me. Then, at five, I take the bus back. Whatever was wrong is all right then, and I don't have a care. It's a blessed place!"

A Story About Will

by JOE LAPSLEY

FAR, FAR AWAY, in a time not unlike our own, there was a kingdom called Liberty. It was a small kingdom that had spread out and modernized seemingly overnight. It was a "kingdom in the sun", the inhabitants often said, most of whom always wore "egopticals." If you or I saw someone with egopticals on, we would say, "they are wearing sunglasses."

Way out in the countryside of Liberty, there lived a happy couple. The husband was a highschool teacher in the farming hamlet where they lived. His name was Abelard, one of the few people in Liberty to ever be disturbed by their own egopticals. His wife's name was Heloise. Very independent and proud, she was the first woman ever to head the local farmer's guild. Abelard was often in conflict with the kingdom officials because he did not teach that the sun was the reason for things occurring or existing.

Abelard and Heloise had a son named Will. He was a strong-headed and intelligent boy. He was enrolled in his father's school, but never went. He spent more time riding over the fields talking to the farmers as they guided their great combines.

One day, Abelard and Heloise knew that the time had come when they should loosen ties that bound Will to the hamlet. That same day, when Will gave his daily pitch for permission to travel to the great city of Icarus, he was shocked at being set free. After lunch, Will packed his belongings on his motorcycle, kissed his mother, shook hands with his father, and was off in a cloud of dust.

All afternoon, Will journeyed across the plains of Liberty. He rolled onto busier and busier roads as the sun slid down from midday. As houses and shopping malls became more and more clustered, Will steadied his hand on the throttle. The towers of Icarus glinted and twinkled in the long fingers of the sun as ribbons of traffic inched out of downtown Icarus. Thousands of egopticals, tight, red faces behind them, stared impatiently through their windshields.

Will drove his motorcycle straight into the heart of the city, the buildings on either side merging somewhere high above the street. Will had never seen so many people: purple, white, yellow, black. And in every type of dress. This made Will feel very independent, but, at the same time, not terribly distinctive. He located the hotel his father had suggested. Its lobby was lit by many lamps glaring from the walls and ceiling. The clerk grinned beneath his egopticals and turned off the television. Will took his key, picked up his few

Drawing by Peter Allen

possessions, trundled up the stairs, flopped down on the bed, and turned on the television. The news: King Selfman II was solving Liberty's energy problem. "Liberty has built an energy source that works just like the sun, it will make everybody's appliances run as long as they wish." Will turned off the television and sauntered down the stairs.

Outside, he walked past a big, glowing cathedral, a grand hum was coming from a giant power cord plugged into its rear. Will turned away and walked toward the park; he had almost reached it when he noticed a small church. It was very humble in appearance; joyous music gushed from its windows. His attention was caught by the roof: "solar panels", he thought.

In the park, a rally was going on: multitudes of egoptical lenses focused on a stage filled with neatly dressed children, robed choirs, Liberty Kingdom

flags, and lots of pictures of the sun. In the middle of the stage stood the great preacher, Gerald the Righteous. Pounding the lectern, he ordered the audience to get in line with the sun or face its wrath. That wrath could come in any form, at any time. The sun well might send a foreign kingdom to oppress Liberty. Will kept scrutinizing Gerald the Righteous; sure enough, his egopticals were unusually large.

People like Gerald always made Will mad, so mad he hopped on his motorcycle and drove away, far up into the mountains. Deep in a valley, beside the road, was a small sign: "OUR FATHER THE SUN, HOLY SPIRIT RETREAT". A path dropped off into the bushes and reappeared on a far mountain. At the end of the path, Will pulled up to a squat cloister with one small bell tower. The roof was covered with solar panels. A brother in a light caramel robe greeted him at the gate, and he asked him to park his motorcycle and eat supper. Will let go; his motorcycle crashed to the ground. The monk had no egopticals on!

"Why don't you have egopticals?"

"I do not need them."

Nobody ever considered taking their egopticals off. For the first time in his life, Will ran his fingers across his lenses. He thought of his father as the monk led him into a dark chamber. Through his egopticals, Will could barely see the long, wooden tables.

By candlelight, monks brought bread and vegetables from what Will assumed was the kitchen. Will felt extremely awkward; his egopticals itched, yet he felt a calm glowing inside him. "Nobody else has this problem," he mused. Everyone else's eyes shone clearly in the dim light of the candles. Will then saw a vaguely familiar face. It belonged to a simple monk whom Will recognized as the former king of Liberty, "the Sun-King", Magnus Selfman I, the father of Magnus II. "He made Liberty what it is today," thought Will. Imagine seeing the most important person in Liberterian history there.

The next day Will approached the former king while his highness was hoeing in the garden. Will told him what a great man he was and how proud he was to live in Liberty.

"Will, Liberty will never mean a thing until the people take off their egopticals."

"But there will be no achievement, no energy. People will forget themselves. People will see too much."

Like a thunderbolt, Will's own words struck home. He fell to his knees, gazing at the sun. The old king knew what had happened.

"Won't you cultivate this garden with me?"

"Thank you, but no, I must go home and give my parents the love I never showed. Then I will go to Icarus and let the sunshine into every heart that is in darkness or in light."

"You realize that your path is rocky and almost certainly steeped in sorrow?"

Will smiled and embraced him: "You are wise and right as always, but if I stay here I will get nothing but a suntan."

Praying

by HENRI NOUWEN

PRAYING means giving up a false security, no longer looking for arguments which will protect you if you get pushed into a corner, no longer setting your hope on a couple of lighter moments which your life might still offer. Praying means to stop expecting from God that same small-mindedness which you discover in yourself. To pray is to walk in the full light of God, and to say simply, without holding back, "I am a man and you are God." At that moment, conversion occurs, the restoration of the true relationship. Man is not the one who once in a while makes a mistake and God is not the one who now and then forgives. No, man is a sinner and God is love. Conversion makes this obvious with a stunning simplicity and a disarming clarity.

This conversion brings with it the relaxation which lets you breathe again and puts you at rest in the embrace of a forgiving God. The experience results in a calm and simple joy. For then you can say: " I don't know the answer and I can't do this thing, but I don't have to know it, and I don't have to be able to do it." This new knowledge is the liberation which gives you access to everything in creation and leaves you free to play in the garden which lays before you.

The man who prays not only discovers himself and God, but in the same meeting he discovers who his neighbor is. For in prayer, you not only profess that man is man and God is God, but also, that your neighbor is your fellowman, that is, a man alongside you. For if your conversion has brought you down to the bottom of your human nature, you notice that you are not alone: Being a man means being together.

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MRS CLEOPATRA

A short story by JIM PANOS

It was nice, Cleopatra Papazoglou thought, to be alone in the apartment as the light of day faded, sitting by her window, watching the people on the street below bend into the rising wind. It gave her a warm, homey feeling she never had when Victoria was home. Victoria always made her presence felt in small, annoying ways, even when they were alone in their separate rooms. She would shuffle about, her loose, backless slippers clacking on the linoleum floor, or shift in her creaky rocking chair or cough that mucous bronchial cough of hers — and the warm, homey feeling would be gone.

She decided to sit a while longer by the window, to prolong those few precious moments of solitude, knowing that she would soon have to start supper, knowing too that Victoria would soon be home. Victoria. . . . She

Drawing by Ann Woolfolk

stretched her legs before her to their full length and raised them, not without wincing, a few inches off the floor, feeling the numbness drain slightly from them as she did so. Neon lights winked on along the street, pink and yellow and green and a garish purple. The street began to assume its night look. The supermarket on the other side was busy with evening shoppers. Traffic was brisk with cars, now heralded by their probing headlights. A bus went by. She craned her neck to follow it as long as she could. She loved buses. They were bursts of excitement in her life, especially when they had to stop for a red light at the corner and then start up with a roar of their motors that made her window panes rattle. The jarring noises were particularly welcome in the middle of her wakeful nights, when they reached her as a reassurance of life itself in the face of the fearful uncertainties of the darkness about her.

She tried to remember how the street had looked when she first saw it from that window, and couldn't. It seemed as if it had not changed at all — it had changed that imperceptibly, in dropping frames of time, as in a silent motion picture. Even the more obvious changes in store fronts and the shapes of automobiles and fashions in people's clothing were gradual and stealthy, and she accepted them, hardly aware that they had occurred at all. But the frames of time had kept dropping through the years, the motion picture unfolding, and the street scene had changed, and so had she. She — had aged.

Yes, she had aged. She could remember as far back as 1914. How many years? Sixty? More. She could remember more than half a century. She could remember Smyrna in 1914, when Smyrna was Greek, before Smyrna became Izmir. Izmir. . . . She grimaced. Smyrna would always be Smyrna to her.

She was a little girl then. She remembered the days of her girlhood in Smyrna, and a smile settled lightly on her lips. . . . Her father, her mother, her three brothers. . . . Her father's house, standing like a white castle in its garden, enclosed by a high wall. How she loved that house, that garden! To lie under the fruit trees. . . to pluck the ripe figs right off their branches. . . to pass from the summer heat into the cool embrace of the house. She remembered the house at Eastertime, the loveliest time of year. . . . The *Epitafios*, winding through the streets of Smyrna on Good Friday evening, followed by hundreds of faithful holding lighted candles, mourning the death of the Lord. Then the Resurrection service the following night, when the whole city rang with joy. She remembered carrying home the light from the Resurrection and marking the sign of the cross in smoke on the overhead jams of all the doors of the house, blessing it for the year to come. And the midnight feast after forty days of fasting. . . .

And then, in a flash, without wanting to, she remembered the nightmare of the uprising. The slaying in the streets. . . . the decapitations. . . . the bloodbath. . . . The frantic flight to the sea. Thousands of people, fleeing the wrath of the infidels in their night clothes. The mad scramble for the boats to Tsesme. People falling off, being pushed off, and drifting or drowning. She remembered vividly, as if it were outside her window now, her last view of Smyrna as the boat pulled out, burning red orange against the night sky all the way to Chios — all of Asia Minor seemed to be on fire.

In Chios, she found herself an orphan and alone.

Cleopatra Papazoglou shivered. She crossed herself for the souls of her family. Always, she would start out recalling the happy days in Smyrna and always, always the ugly ones followed. Happy memories were fleeting and rare. Her memories of Smyrna always lost out to the ugly ones. Her memories of America, sadly, were not happy ones. How can you be happy in an alien land? There was little to remember that was happy in America. She had had to work all her life, work from dawn to dusk, sewing furs for the rich, earning little more than her livelihood. Her hands had grown coarse and cracked from the needle, her eyes weak from the close work. And what did she have to show for her years in America? Happiness? No. Old age. Loneliness. A few social security checks, saved against the day when Smyrna would be Greek again, when she could return to her father's house.

She rose to her feet slowly, painfully, supporting her slight frame on the arms of her chair. Her knees felt weak beneath her as she stood up. It was some time before she ventured to walk. She unlocked her door, stepped testily into Victoria's room and paused to lock the door behind her. There was a smell in the room, a smell that meant Victoria to her. She wondered if her room smelled of herself, and if Victoria identified it with her, but that was unlikely, for Victoria hardly ever — except by special invitation — went into her room. It was one of Victoria's constant complaints that she had far more privacy than herself — to say nothing of the view from her window. Victoria's room was windowless. But she really had no cause to complain because, after all, who was it that paid the extra three dollars on the rent, month in and month out?

But Victoria Makrides was a constant complainer. She quarreled with her clothes, as the saying went. What could you expect from mainland Greeks? They lacked the good humor of the Greeks from Asia Minor. Moreover, Victoria came from Sparta — in the *Peloponnese.* What could you expect from *Peloponnesians*? Well. . . . Their living together was just a marriage of convenience, she concluded bitterly — two spinster ladies looking for companionship and someone to share the rent.

It was not quite dark yet in the kitchen. A grey light seeped in from the window on the shaft between apartment houses. She could still do her work without turning on the light. Electricity was an item these days. She opened the refrigerator door and blinked into the cave of sudden light. She surveyed the supplies on her two shelves: butter, eggs, half a quart of milk, a head of lettuce wrapped in saran-wrap, some leftover chicken. Deciding what to eat was a problem. She made it a point to take a light meal in the evening. Tonight she thought she might have an egg or maybe two, no, just one, and a glass of milk — just enough to keep body and soul together. She took an egg from its container and the half quart of milk. She also took out the head of lettuce, but then, changing her mind, quickly put it back and shut the refrigerator door.

She poured some milk into a chipped white porcelain pot and put it on a slow flame to take the chill out if it. She filled another pot half with water,

dropped the egg carefully into it and placed it on another burner. Then she started to recite the Lord's Prayer to herself, half aloud, her lips forming each sacred word. When she had finished saying the prayer twice through, she took the milk off the fire and poured it into a cup without a saucer. Still reciting, she spread a faded blue and white checkered cloth on the kitchen table.

". . . . and deliver us from evil. Amen." Her egg was ready. She knew of no better way to time her eggs than by reciting The Lord's Prayer four times — to say nothing of the spiritual benefits involved. She had learned that in Smyrna, from her mother. She sat down to eat, glad that Victoria was not home yet. She didn't feel up to asking her to supper tonight. But as she took her first bite, she heard Victoria's familiar step on the stairs, leading heavily with her right foot as she climbed. Presently she heard her key in the lock, and Victoria was framed in the doorway, a shoebox tucked tightly under one arm.

She bought another pair of shoes, she thought.

"Good evening, Mrs Victoria," she said.

Victoria started, "Ah, you frightened me, blessed one!" she cried. "What are you doing in the dark?"

"Eating."

Victoria flicked on the dome light. "*I* could not see to peel that egg in the dark," she said.

"It was not that dark yet," she said, irked. "But thank you, it is better with the light."

Victoria went to her room.

"Come to have one bite with me, Mrs Victoria," she called after her.

"No, thank you much, Mrs Cleopatra," Victoria called back.

"I want to quiet a little before I eat. I am tired from the shopping."

"Oh, you shopped?"

"Yes, I bought a pair of shoes."

"Truth? You must show them to me."

"With pleasure, Mrs Cleopatra."

She finished her supper and touched her lips with a paper napkin. Then, carefully, she folded it twice and smoothed it out. She took her dishes to the sink and washed them.

Familiar, violent Spanish voices rose across the shaft. They are quarreling again, she thought.

"They are quarreling again," Victoria said, drifting into the kitchen in her bathrobe and slippers.

"I do not understand how she can stand her in the house," she said.

"Who?"

"The daughter-in-law. I do not understand how the daughter-in-law can stand the mother-in-law in the house. It does not fit in my head."

"It is the apartment of the mother-in-law, that is why," Victoria said.

"Well, if it is the apartment of the mother-in-law, then the daughter-in-law should move out with her husband."

"And the money?" Victoria said. "It is much cheaper to live with the mother-in-law."

"Regardless," she insisted. "I prefer to pay my own rent than to live with such a woman in the same house."

"Maybe it is the fault of the daughter-in-law."

"Regardless. The daughter-in-law should move out with her husband — for the good of their happiness."

They were silent for a moment, listening.

"Pity we do not understand what they say," Victoria said.

"Yes. Then we would know whose fault it is."

She put her supper things away in her cabinet and the slightly used napkin in its box. The evening's chores were done. She gave a little sigh of relief.

"So now. Let us see your new shoes, Mrs Victoria," she said.

"With pleasure," Victoria said, pleased that she had asked.

They went into Victoria's room.

"Sit in the rocking chair, Mrs Cleopatra," Victoria said, lighting a floor lamp beside it. "Just as in your house."

"Thank you."

Victoria crouched and reached the shoebox from under her bed, untied and unwrapped it, and there were her new shoes. They were a plain, ugly black pump, really, with a heel much too high, she thought, for a woman Victoria's age. But these Peloponnesians never had any taste. If she paid more than eight-fifty for them, she thought, she didn't get a bargain. Besides, she didn't need another pair of shoes — she already had three.

"Oh, Mrs Victoria!" she cried. "How beautiful! Superb!"

"And only ten and ninety-nine. They were twelve and twenty-five."

"Only?"

"Only."

They admired the shoes for a while. Then, handling them with infinite tenderness, Victoria put them back into the box, wrapped and tied it and placed it under her bed again.

"Listen . . . ." she said.

"What is it?" Victoria said.

"The son came — and he is taking the part of his wife."

"Beautiful. So it must."

"Yes."

They listened to the argument which was gaining force by the minute.

"He is a man, though. . . ."

"Yes — yes!"

She would have loved to stay and hear the argument to its usual conclusion, when he would storm out and slam the door behind him, but she didn't want to overstay her welcome. It would only obligate her needlessly to Victoria.

"Well, back to my little corner," she said, rising carefully from the unsteady rocker.

"Thank you for the visit, Mrs Cleopatra. How I envy you! You had your

supper. You washed your dishes. And now you will sit at your window and watch the outside world."

Was there a note of resentment in Victoria's voice? Well, that was just too bad.

"Come, maybe tomorrow you will eat first," she said, avoiding any reference to the view from her window.

"Maybe, maybe, Mrs Cleopatra.

She let herself into her room and locked the door behind her. She stood by her window in the dark, hugging herself, for a drawn moment. The supermarket was closed and deserted. A car went by in a frantic hurry. The few stragglers on the street seemed to have been left there by mistake. The wind was much stronger now, making the hanging store signs swing wildly from their hinges. She looked eagerly for a bus in both directions, but there was none coming. She turned from the desolate street scene and settled into her chair. She heard Victoria moving about in the kitchen, getting her supper. She heard the clatter of dishes and Victoria's phlegmy cough. She shivered slightly, but not from the cold. Tears welled in her eyes. She was weary tonight. Weary and . . . . old.

"Mrs Cleopatra? . . . . "

Victoria was knocking lightly on her door. Now what could she want?

"Coming, Mrs Victoria," she said, rising with effort.

She opened the door ajar.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mrs Cleopatra," Victoria said. "Come and take a coffee with me."

"*Coffee*? No, thank you very much, Mrs Victoria. If I have a coffee now, my eyes will be like shrimps all night," she said. She should know, after all these years, she thought. "Anyway, thank you. And — good night," she added firmly. She closed the door and locked it and sank into her chair by the window.

Tired, exhausted, she leaned far back and shut her eyes. With her eyes shut, she saw the garden of her father's house in summer, saw it clearly, in all detail. With her eyes shut, she smiled and reached up and plucked a ripe fig from a tree. Slowly, deliberately, prolonging the sweet anticipation, she started to peel it, turning back the dark skin, revealing the lush white meat underneath. Starting at the nipple at the top, she peeled the fruit neatly into limp triangles that hung like petals over her dainty girl's fingers. And then, just as she was about to bite into it at last, her mouth drooling, a bus roared past on the street below, rattling her window panes and shattering the lovely vision of her girlhood.

She sat limp and listless in her chair, aware of the pulsating neon light on the closed lids of her eyes, aware, too, of the stealthy passing of time. Time dropped in slow and gentle frames as in a silent motion picture. The frames of time, she knew, would keep dropping, as always, through the night, the silent motion picture unfolding into morning, and tomorrow would be a brand new day, a day when Smyrna would be Greek once again, and she, Cleopatra Papazoglou, could go back to her father's house at long last.

BOOK REVIEW

A Pray-er Endlessly Striving

HENRI NOUWEN, a native of Holland currently teaching at Yale Divinity School, is a Roman Catholic priest, psychologist, and author of some fifteen books on prayer, pastoral psychology, and Christian compassion.

In 1974, Father Nouwen spent seven months in retreat with the Trappist monks of the Genesee in upstate New York. His experience of life in that contemplative monastery was published as *The Genesee Diary: Report From A Trappist Monastery* (Doubleday, 1976).

Father Nouwen returned to the Trappist monastery in February of 1979 and stayed through August. During this second retreat-visit he decided "to write at least one prayer a day. . . the prayer that was present in my heart at the moment." The result of this discipline is a selection of some seventy prayers which appeared in print as *A Cry For Mercy: Prayers from the Genesee* (Doubleday, 1981.)

Father Nouwen's selection of prayers begins with his personal fears, doubts, and suspicions. Commenting on "a fearful heart," he says, "Our inclination is to show our Lord only what we feel comfortable with. But the more we dare to reveal our whole trembling self to him, the more we will be able to sense that his love, which is perfect love, casts out all our fears."

In the second section of prayers, Father Nouwen suggests that awareness of our sense of sin may become a preoccupation that so immobilizes us that "we get stuck in a paralyzing guilt." The season of Lent, in which these prayers were composed — a season "during which winter and spring struggle with each other for dominance," should move the penitent to "cry out for God's mercy."

The prayers in section three coincide with the Easter season and are appropriately full of joy and hope.

The feast of Pentecost and the power of the Spirit are reflected in the prayers of section four: "Let your Spirit open our eyes to your ongoing presence among us. Let us recognize you when we serve each other, work together for reconciliation and peace, and unite our talents to build a better world."

In section five the author prays for the needs of the world: "the prisoners, the sick, the hungry, the homeless. . . brothers and sisters with whom we are united in solidarity."

The sixth and final section contains prayers of gratitude, for "the closer we come to God in prayer, the more we become aware of the abundance of God's gifts to us." Gratitude becomes "a quality of our hearts."

Prayers at any given moment, Father Nouwen reminds us in his Epilogue, "are in fact confessions of our inability to pray. But they are confessions that enable us to perceive the merciful presence of God."

— RAY REYNOLDS

Bob Dylan: Born Again

by BRUCE NIXON

OCTOBER 23, 1981: Bob Dylan handed his guitar to a "roadie" and strode from the stage. The stage was dark, except for tiny, twinkling red lamps on the amplifiers and sound equipment. The lights in the Spectrum dropped down low. The sound of the crowd — stomping, pounding feet, clapping hands — swelled and rose. The Spectrum, a squat brown and tan building amid blocks of factories and warehouses in South Philadelphia, is a big hall, a sports arena, home of the '76ers and the Flyers. Matches and cigarette lighters flared, by the hundreds at first, then by the thousands, sweeping across the cavernous arena, climbing tiers of seats, a blanket of yellow-orange sparkling, flashing stars. This is something that happens at every rock concert: the matches and the lighters, held high, something the kids do to bring back the band, to summon the encore. These were not kids, however. The crowd at the Spectrum — almost sold-out at 19,000 — was much older than most of the fans who come to the big-hall shows. A lot of people in their thirties and forties, fewer in their twenties, fewer still in their teens. Not the people who usually wait in line for the Spectrum rock shows. Not your typical crowd at all: oldtimers by the standards of rock and roll, back to see the old man once again, waiting for the word.

Bob Dylan, dressed in black, reappeared two or three minutes later. He

looked small on the dimly-lit stage. His hair was long and very curly. He strapped on the electric guitar again: chords dropped from the banks of speakers like an avalanche. Dylan stepped up to the microphone:

"How many roads must a man walk down
Before you can call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she can sleep in the sand. . ."

It was "Blowin' In The Wind," a song Dylan recorded in 1963, on his second album. A long, long time ago. The applause was thunderous. People wept. Others shouted out the words in unison. It was a very moving moment, gone after a brief, fluttering instant.

On another day, this song had been an anthem and Bob Dylan had been a prophet. Dylan was one of the quintessential public voices in popular music during the '60s. It was a voice of the times, a voice of anger and frustration and pain, and a voice of self-discovery and freedom, moral and spiritual freedom, a voice of longing and self-searching. He was called a protest singer then, for songs like "The Times They Are A-Changin'" or "Masters of War," or "Blowin' In The Wind." He was a folk singer and a rocker, too, but also a singer whose endless, relentless searching produced strangely evocative songs: "Mr. Tambourine Man," "Gates of Eden," "It's All Right, Ma," "Maggie's Farm," "Like A Rolling Stone," "All Along The Watchtower," "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest." Dylan's voice accompanied the times: the Freedom Riders, the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, the Free Speech movement and the anti-war movement, the student uprising at Columbia University, the March on the Pentagon, the Days of Rage, Mayday, hippie spirituality and psychedelic mysticism, a time when a young and politically-charged generation thought it might change the world forever.

But that was long ago, and watching Bob Dylan sing, you could feel the tedious, twisted passage of all those years, and of all the things that have happened in everybody's lives — how long it had really been, and the changes everybody'd been through, and how strange.

By the late '60s, of course, Dylan had gone his own way. You get the feeling he wasn't really comfortable with the burden of the role he'd been given by his audience, after all: a role he had only appeared to accept, anyhow. He wasn't willing to speak for all those people anymore, and he turned away from it. His recordings became increasingly more reflective and quiet — often quite introspective — but just as often in ways which were not so obvious. The issues were completely personal now, and almost never political. He never spoke again in quite the same way as he did in those charged, fast-moving, swaggering early days.

The Bob Dylan who appeared at the Spectrum in October seemed to be an artist in transition. This was his first real tour of the United States since 1979: he had done a handful of dates in the spring and then left to tour in Europe.

It was an auspicious tour, in a way, because it was Dylan's first extended

concert schedule since his conversion to fundamentalist Christianity in 1979. (This in itself has been regarded as something of a paradox by many of his old fans, since Dylan, born Robert Zimmerman, was raised in a midwestern, Jewish family). Dylan has released three albums since 1979, each one laden with born-again themes and imagery, but this was the first time he had taken his music to a live audience at any length. His infrequent performances during the previous two years have been entirely devoted to his Christian songwriting, and were unsuccessful from an audience's point-of-view. In Philadelphia, the crowd was often hushed, waiting, skeptical, until well into Dylan's two-hour set. In the end, only a third of the set was given over to Dylan's born-again songwriting: the audience was satisfied by this, patiently sitting through those songs, and cheering for the more familiar and time-worn lyrics.

Dylan himself did not seem entirely satisfied, either.

The past few years have been hard on him, I'd say. He's taken a lot of heat. I saw his show at Madison Square Garden in New York during the 1978 tour: he played a hodge-podge of his well-known songs, with essentially the same band that did his "Live At Budokan" album, a good-sized electric ensemble that really rocked out. Dylan was coolly received. His New York fans clearly were not enthusiastic about these tough-minded re-readings of his older works.

Shortly afterwards, Dylan released "Slow Train Coming'," which was the first musical documentation of his conversion. The single from that album was gospel-ish "Gotta Serve Somebody" ("Well it may be the devil/Or it may be the Lord," Dylan sang, "But you gotta serve somebody"), which was a long way from "Don't follow leaders/Watch the parking meters" on "Bringing It All Back Home" in 1965. A lot of critics felt that Dylan's religious passion was straight-laced and wooden on "Slow Train Comin'." They didn't believe him. They weren't convinced, but many of them didn't really want to be.

Today, "Slow Train Coming'" does crackle with emotion. It has held up reasonably well. At times, Dylan's lyrics are pedantic and preachy, and his singing is perfunctory; at other times, he sings with great conviction. Biting, angry, stinging lead guitar lines from Mark Knopfler, of the English rock band Dire Straits, adds a forceful urgency to the music. Two albums have followed: "Saved," with its awkwardly-conceived cover art, depicting a grasping hand reaching up towards a presumably unearthly source of light, and the more recent (and certainly less hard-nosed) "Shot of Love"; with their music of faith and devotion, and songs like "Saved," "Property of Jesus," "When You Gonna Wake Up," "When He Returns" or "Precious Angel," both recordings do carry on Dylan's pre-occupation with born-again Christianity.

In a way, this is not a new or unlikely trend in popular music. When country singer Hank Williams cut "I Saw The Light" in the 1940s, for example, he was simply carrying on a long tradition of gospel and back-country religious influences in country music and blues. Black rhythm and blues took

on gospel shadings throughout the '50s and '60s. Spirituality and mysticism were rather hip in pop and rock music during the '60s, as well, which reflected (and, to a certain extent, influenced) similar popular interests among its audience: the Beatles took LSD and sang about it, and then went to India to sit at the feet of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi; Donovan and the Moody Blues covered a dime-store brand of mysticism in their music; Peter Townshend, the lead guitarist with the English rock group The Who, became a devotee of Meher Baba and released a solo album in 1972, on which he musically ruminated upon Baba's teachings; John McLaughlin, a brilliant English jazz-rock guitarist, came under the spell of Sri Chinmoy and launched the Mahavishnu Orchestra in the early '70s to play passionate, spiritually-inspired music; Carlos Santana, another well-known rock guitarist, also became a follower of Sri Chinmoy in 1972, and his music, too, soon began to reflect this new interest.

Bob Dylan, though, seemed to lose a lot of his followers during the period after his conversion. I know a lot of long-time fans who simply stopped buying Dylan's albums, and the nonchalance with which critics have received his new work has been obvious. They seem quite adamant about it, as well. There are, I think, a number of reasons for this.

Over the years, Dylan's attitudes and posturings have sometimes been arrogant and condescending, and sometimes self-righteous, but they have never been didactic or truly doctrinaire. During the '60s, his songwriting was attractive because of its aura of moral and spiritual freedom and the thoroughly non-sectarian directions of his searching. He wrote for the seekers and seers, in a way: he was often ambivalent in his values, but always he was on the side of freedom. In his early "protest" writing, Dylan attacked hyprocisy and social and political immorality. His audience, I think, was often the culturally and creatively (and politically) disenfranchised, young people who were skeptical about traditional religious practices and forms.

Many of these people have followed him through the years, if only for old times' sake. This new turn of events in Dylan's career seems strange and difficult to understand. Dylan has embraced the very things he once rejected.

Among the same audience, born-again Christianity does have a clean reputation. It is perceived as the faith of the politically and socially conservative and of the newly-risen Moral Majority, perhaps a faith of hard values, inflexible and repressive at times, a faith that leaves little room for argument. Its tradition weaves its way back among other dogmatic preachers and soul-savers, the Billy Sundays and Billy Grahams. I would imagine that Dylan's long-time fans are, on subjects moral and religious, arguers and talkers, skeptics and cynics. This is not their cup of tea: Dylan, regardless of his actual interpretations of born-again Christian creeds, remains guilty by association.

At the same time, Christian faith doesn't always seem like the force *behind* Dylan's music — not in the way that Eastern religious or philosophical ideas inform the music of a John McLaughlin or a Carlos Santana, without really intruding. In Dylan's case, his Christianity is the music. The medium and the message are the same: his music is the vehicle

upon which he sells his beliefs; his born-again Christianity is a commodity. I don't think that anyone can expect the current rock audience — those who support contemporary, up-to-the-minute movements in rock — to care much about an older singer (Dylan is 40) whose imagery and intent are primarily religious, much less primarily Christian. Very little in current rock music would suggest it. The older audience is wary; the older audience waits patiently for Dylan to outgrow this presumably temporary fixation and get back to his real business.

The problem, quite simply, is that Bob Dylan has done something which is very, very un-Dylan-esque.

But audiences are tyrants.

They expect a successful artist at 40 to sound much as he did as a successful artist of 23 or 24: it's just ridiculous. And yet, that's the only way to explain the cool reception which Dylan received at the Garden in '78. He had taken material which was totally familiar to the audience, material which had been recorded with acoustic instruments or with some of the most popular sidemen of the '60s, and made it perfectly current in 1978. He came out with a big, mean beat and lots of electricity and hip, jagged rock 'n' roll arrangements. The music wouldn't sit still, and the audience wasn't ready for that. They wanted memories, a quick slip into the time warp.

Three years later, at the Spectrum in Philadelphia, Dylan once again refused to sing the old songs in the old way. His voice was harsh and trebly and resolutely non-melodic. At times, he seemed to spit out the lyrics, ignoring the possibilities for inflection in his phrasing, giving the lyrics a flat, dispassionate quality. At first, the effect was disconcerting. Finally, the attack was obviously deliberate; he was not willing to let things remain the way they were; he would not concede to the audience. It was his newer songs, from his last three "religious" albums, that sounded the best, with funky rhythms and broad, appealing tonal colorations from the keyboards and backup guitars. A lot of popular performers — Bruce Springsteen or Bob Seger come immediately to mind — are freely given the adoration and love of the crowd: you can feel it, the way it is discharged towards the stage and then returned, a good feeling. This did not happen to Bob Dylan: instead of adoration, he received respect. The warm feeling, the flow of energy, came towards the end, when Dylan, too, had loosened up some. It didn't come easily. But he got respect.

On the other hand, I can't imagine that an older generation of fundamentalist Christians is taking Bob Dylan seriously or buying his records. Dylan's music is still rock 'n' roll, and Dylan remains a figure who is inextricably mixed into the mood and milieu of the '60s, as much a part of that era as student demonstrations or the anti-war movement, Timothy Leary, or the SDS. The guy's definitely caught between the rock and the hard place.

Which, of course, brings you back to his records.

It was his newer work which provided the *music* of the evening; he seemed at ease with it (although the harsh style of his rereadings conveys as much meaning as the sound of the music itself, I'd think, when you're talking about

the older stuff). So much of Dylan's music in the mid '70s — "Blood On The Tracks," "Street Legal," even "Planet Waves" — smacks of bitterness and frustration, yearning, disillusionment, and the surprised, unexpected discoveries of maturity: there have been no hard-and-fast answers, after all. At its best, Dylan's religious songwriting is unpretentious and happy. This is what it's all supposed to be about, anyway: "I Believe In You," from "Slow Train Comin'," is directed at God, but it is also a beautiful and simple love song. "Precious Angel," from the same album, is a moving, haunting telling of personal vision. He *can* be tough and insensitive: he preaches and his voice is directed outward. It is the inward voice that convinces, that is attractive and compelling.

Throughout his career, more than any other popular musician, perhaps, Bob Dylan has been instructive. Follow him, and you go someplace. He is looking, always looking.

And, too, I can think of no other popular artist who can pack so many emotional and intuitively mnemonic associations into so compressed a lyric. He challenges. He has been called a poet: in any case, Dylan works extraordinarily well within his chosen form. Watching Dylan in Philadelphia, I had a profound sense of how much he has accomplished in some twenty years of recording, performing and songwriting, and of the confusing routes of his many self-explorations. His current efforts are difficult to ignore; the reasons behind them and the details of Dylan's conversion are another story, I guess. In the end, his message is a message of the importance — even the necessity — of change and growth, of personal evolution and exploration.

He has been more involved in concerns of spirit and consciousness than any other performer in popular music, and he has been able to draw other people to his work: his message is still aimed at the soul.

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Treasure Rooms of the East

THOUGH the Christian view of the world has paled for many people, the symbolic treasure-rooms of the East are still full of marvels that can nourish for a long time to come the passion for show and new clothes. What is more, these images — be they Christian or Buddhist or what you will — are lovely, mysterious, richly intuitive. Naturally, the more familiar we are with them the more does constant usage polish them smooth, so that what remains is only banal superficiality and meaningless paradox. The mystery of the Virgin Birth, or the homoousia of the Son with the Father, or the Trinity which is nevertheless not a triad — these no longer lend wings to any philosophical fancy. They have stiffened into mere objects of belief. So it is not surprising if the religious need, the believing mind, and the philosophical speculations of the educated European are attracted by the symbols of the East — those grandiose conceptions of divinity in India and the abysms of Taoist philosophy in China — just as once before the heart and mind of the men of antiquity were gripped by Christian ideas. . . . That people should succumb to these eternal images is entirely normal, in fact it is what these images are for. They are meant to attract, to convince, to fascinate, and to overpower. They are created out of the primal stuff of revelation and reflect the ever-unique experience of divinity. That is why they always give man a premonition of the divine while at the same time safeguarding him from the immediate experience of it. . . . We seek the effective images, the thought-forms that satisfy the restlessness of heart and mind, and we find the treasures of the East.

— C.G. JUNG (*The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*)

MEDITATION

I FEEL THAT I HAVE A SOUL, I know it both from thought and sentiment; I know that it exists, without knowing its essence; I cannot reason, therefore, on ideas which I have not. One thing, indeed, I know very well, which is that the identity of my being, can be preserved only by the memory, and that to be in fact the same person, I must remember to have before existed. Now I cannot recollect, after my death, what I was during life; without recollecting also my perceptions and consequently my actions: and I doubt not but this remembrance will one day constitute the happiness of the just and the torments of the wicked. Here below, the violence of our passions absorbs the innate sentiment of right and wrong, and stifles remorse. The mortification and disgrace also, under which virtue labors in the world, prevents our being sensible of its charms. But, when delivered from the delusions of sense, we shall enjoy the contemplation of the Supreme Being, and those eternal truths of which he is the source; when the beauty of the natural order of things, shall strike all the faculties of the soul, and when we shall be employed solely in comparing what we have really done, with what we ought to have done, then will the voice of conscience reassume its tone and strength; then will that pure delight, which arises from a consciousness of virtue, and the bitter regret of having debased ourselves by vice, determine the lot which is severally prepared for us.

The chief of our concerns is that of ourselves; yet how often have we not been told by the monitor within, that to pursue our own interest at the expense of others would be to do wrong! we imagine, thus, that we are sometimes obeying the impulse of nature, and we are all the while resisting it: In listening to the voice of our senses, we turn a deaf ear to the dictates of our hearts, the active Being obeys, the passive Being commands. Conscience is the voice of the soul, the passions are the voice of the body. Is it surprising that these two voices should sometimes contradict each other; or can it be doubted, when they do, which ought to be obeyed? Reason deceives us but too often, and has given us a right to distrust her conclusions; but conscience never deceives us. She is man's truest and safest guide; conscience is the soul, what instinct is in the body. Whoever puts himself under the conduct of this guide, pursues the direct path of nature, and need not fear to be misled.

— ROUSSEAU: Emile; ou, De l'education

The opinions expressed in this issue are the authors' and not necessarily those of the editors or of Fellowship in Prayer.

Suggested BOOKS

Following are some of the books which have been used in the preparation of this issue:

WILLIAM BLAKE: HIS PHILOSOPHY AND SYMBOLS, by S. Foster Damon. Constable & Co. Ltd. London, 1924.

BLAKE'S POETRY AND DESIGN: A Norton Critical Edition. W.W. Norton & Co, New York, 1979.

THE TAO OF PHYSICS by Fritjof Capra. Bantam Books, New York, 1975.

SAI BABA: THE HOLY MAN AND THE PSYCHIATRIST by Samuel H. Sandweiss. Birth Day Publishing Co., San Diego, California, 1975.

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Blue Mosque at Mazar-I-Sharif*

by THERESA-ANN CUDA

a flutter of wings
around a turquoise dome
resembles white clouds
moving in the blue afghan sky.
pigeons, snow-colored
as mountain tops,
fill the square
where believers will soon gather.
as every bird landing here
is turned white,
so may any heart
be made pure in prayer.

**According to Muslim legend, a bird of any color will turn white when landing at this mosque.*

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